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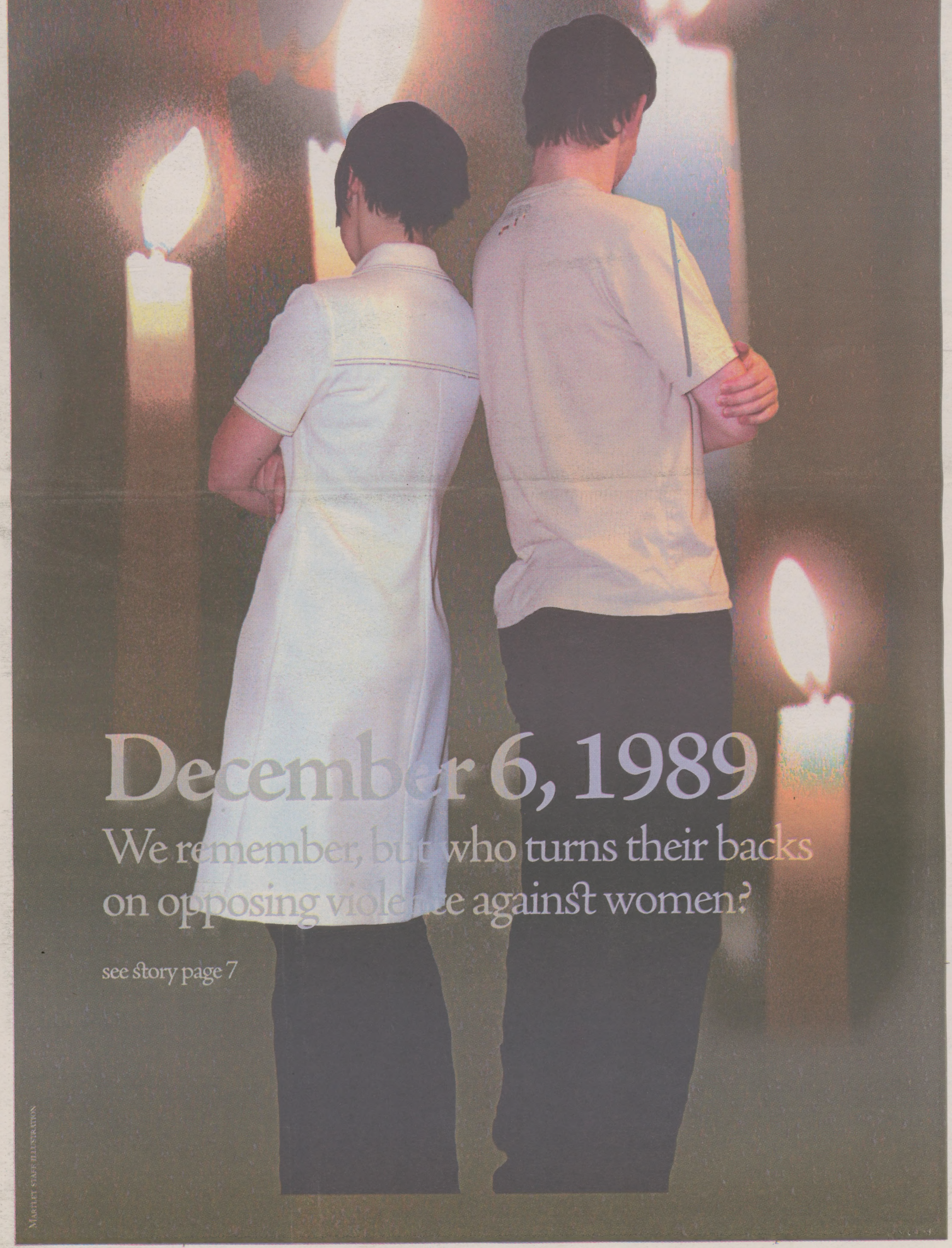


December 6, 1989

We remember, but who turns their backs on opposing violence against women?

see story page 7

MARTLET STAFF ILLUSTRATION

FTAA threatens education, analyst says

BY STEPHEN HUI, BRITISH COLUMBIA BUREAU

VANCOUVER (CUP) – International trade negotiations, such as those aimed at establishing the world's largest free trade zone, are a threat to public education, a Canadian trade analyst said in Vancouver on Nov. 20.

"There's an underlying conflict here," said Jim Grieshaber-Otto from the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, "between the principles and purposes of public education and international trade treaties."

Grieshaber-Otto made his comments at a teach-in the same day talks laying the groundwork for the proposed Free Trade Area of the Americas wrapped up in Miami, Florida. Trade ministers agreed on a framework for the FTAA, which would reduce barriers to trade between 34 countries in North and South America.

United Nations treaties protect the right to an accessible and affordable education. But in practice, according to Grieshaber-Otto, rules set out in trade agreements tend to supersede treaties' provisions for education and human rights.

"Canada should recognize the primacy of human rights law over trade and investment treaties," he said.

To protect its education system, asserted Grieshaber-Otto, Canada should not make or demand any commitments related to education during trade negotiations. Governments must also keep commercialization in schools to a minimum, the trade analyst maintained.

"Commercializing public education promotes narrow interests," Grieshaber-Otto said, "and undermines the fundamental principles of equity, diversity and openness upon which public education systems are based."

Increasing the commercialization and privatization of primary, secondary and post-secondary education would also expand the reach of trade agreements, he warned.

About 20 people–mostly teachers–attended the teach-in.

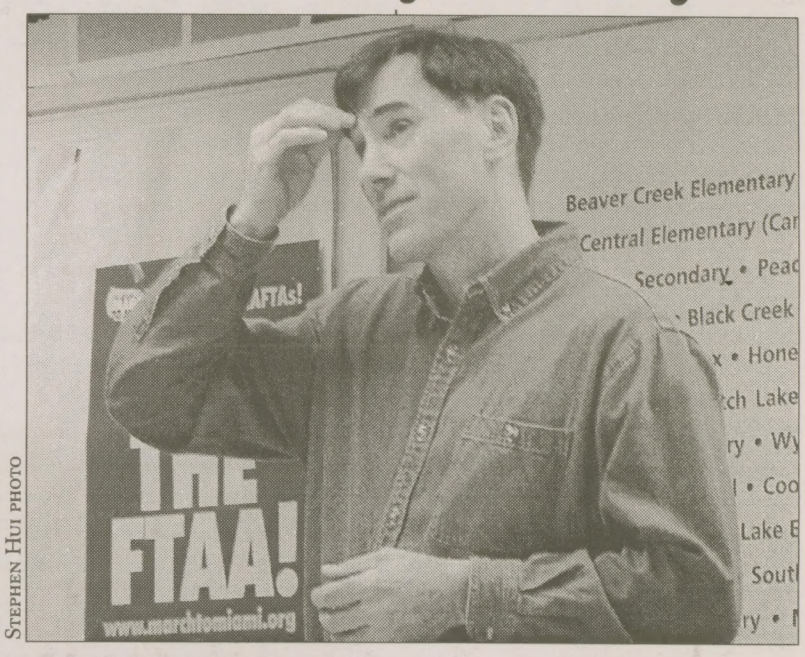
Peter Debille, a delegate to the Vancouver and District Labour Council and a member of Vancouver's anti-war coalition, said he found the teach-in informative, as he is more familiar with the impact of free trade on postal workers than education.

Debille added that he intends to get postal workers involved with fighting the FTAA.

"The important thing is to get in the game, and start the ball rolling," Grieshaber-Otto said, pointing out that activists stopped the Multilateral Agreement on Investment from being finalized.

According to the Associated Press, thousands rallied and about 140 were arrested as demonstrators clashed with police in riot gear during the Miami negotiations.

Opponents of the FTAA say it poses a threat to the environment, human rights, indigenous people and workers.



STEPHEN HUI PHOTO

Trade analyst Jim Grieshaber-Otto warns that the FTAA could have disastrous consequences for public education.

Professor accused of racism cleared of wrongdoing

BY JOHN THOMPSON

A UVic professor accused of discriminating against Arabs and Muslims has been cleared of wrongdoing and offered his job back, but he has refused the strict conditions attached to the deal.

Andrew Andersen was a political science sessional who taught international security and ethnic conflict until last August, when his contract was not renewed.

An investigation into his teaching conduct had begun months earlier, spurred by complaints from several students who said he made discriminatory comments about Arab and Muslim students in class.

The outcome was a 66-page report, which raised questions about some of his teaching practices but said the racist allegations are unfounded.

"There's no evidence to suggest that discrimination took place," said university spokesperson Patti Pitts.

The university offered Andersen a teaching position in January, provided that he changed his grading practices and consulted with the Office for the Prevention of Discrimination and Harassment.

"To me, this is an insult," Andersen said. "I was expecting at least an expression of apology, probably some compensation. But not a letter of discipline." He added that visiting the office would imply guilt.

Among the accusations Andersen faced was that during a class discussion about the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks against the United States, he described the public reaction in the Middle East by imitating "an Arabic-style dance in front of class, asking whether this was anything other than happiness and joy," according to the report.

He said while he normally gesticulates with his hands, he never imitated the dance, and went on to discuss the role of American imperialism.

"We cannot ignore these things. We see some people are happy about that, we should find out why," he said, adding that he always asked students to leave their personal beliefs at the door.

Andersen said his personal background taught him to fight prejudice. During the thaw of communist Russia, he left for West Germany in his car, carrying the possessions he could and a few hundred dollars in cash. He later emigrated to Canada.

"I fought for human rights in the U.S.S.R. It's a place where your body can disappear without notice," he said.

The confidential investigation became a media affair after Andersen asked several students for letters of support. This soon turned into an organized campaign when students rallied around the professor and began collecting signatures in class to protest his treatment.

He maintains he never solicited this support from students. The report said some of his colleagues felt the letter campaign led to tensions in the student body and created "adverse publicity" for the department. It asked him to avoid participating in public forums, including speaking to the media.

"I used to have a naive belief that the universities were created for diversity of opinion and freedom," he said.

Pitts said all parties were asked to keep the review confidential.

"Students need to feel they can raise concerns about professors without fear of reprisal, and professors need to feel they can work in a safe and sensitive atmosphere," she said.

The report reprimanded Andersen for leaving a box of graded papers out in a hallway, contrary to the university's privacy policy. It also criticized how marks were awarded by attendance and bonus marks. Andersen said while his students often received high marks, they worked hard and deserved them.

"If there's a way of raising the mark a little bit, I'd do that," he said.

News of the racist allegations were broken by *the Martlet* in late July, and later picked up by other local media. Andersen said he has felt a public chill since the *Times-Colonist* printed a story.

"Do you know how many people stopped staying hi to me in town?" he asked.

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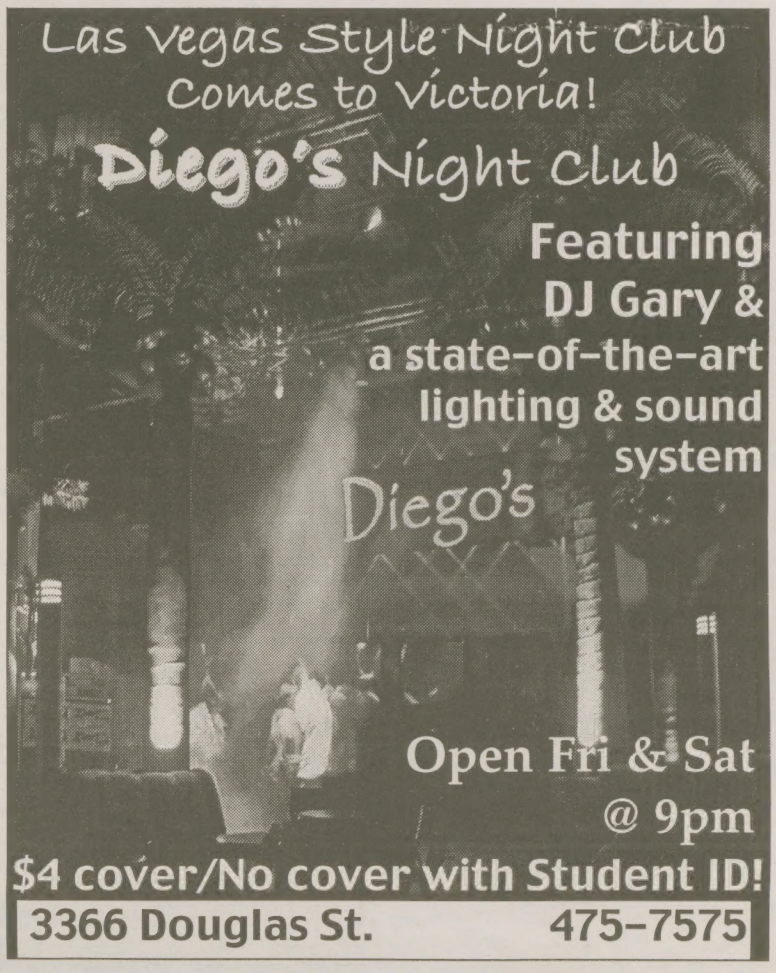


Activist Stewart cleared of all charges

by John Thompson

Morgan Stewart has spent 10 per cent of his life under suspicion of serious criminal offences. For the last two and a half years Stewart has faced charges of mischief and uttering threats to a police officer.

The Crown recently agreed to an absolute discharge for the 25-year-old Victoria resident, who was arrested during the Summit of Americas protests in Quebec City in April 2001.

"I was arrested in a peaceful, permitted demonstration," he said. "I wasn't breaking the law. They had no right to arrest me."

According to witnesses, Stewart was chanting at the labour rally when police grabbed him from behind and dragged him into an unmarked police van. He spent the next two days in prison, and was initially charged with inciting a riot. This was evidentially dropped, and the other two charges were added.

One year later, he returned to Quebec for a preliminary hearing, where the judge added the charge of resisting arrest.

The terms for the absolute discharge included that Stewart make a charitable donation and admit to resisting arrest by letting his body go limp when he was grabbed.

"I didn't know they were cops. They didn't tell me they were cops when they arrested me," he said.

"I have a problem with that being against the law, but I don't mind that there are no consequences."

Stewart added he appreciates the support he's had. When he needed to buy a plane ticket to fly back to Quebec, he raised funds by selling CDs and throwing a keg party.

"There were lots of people in Quebec City who were arrested who didn't have connections to a supportive community," he said.

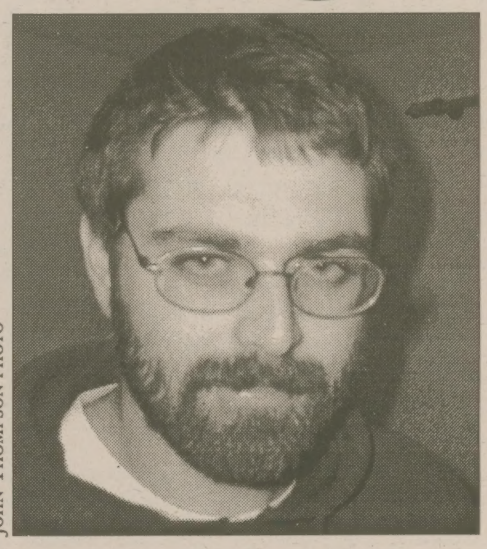
He said it's difficult to imagine how his life would be if he was never arrested.

"It took a lot out of me, even just feeling safe. It's a very disempowering feeling to be locked in a jail cell, especially for days on end," he said.

"It's a big suspicion to be put under. They easily could have put me in jail for upwards of five years."

"It changed how you feel in a crowd, or anywhere else a white van drives by."

A police watchdog organization recently concluded that RCMP officers used "excessive and unjustified force" during the Summit of the Americas. Over 3,000 tear gas canisters and 500 rubber bullets were fired over the weekend rally.



John Thompson photo

Morgan Stewart received an absolute disharge on charges related to the 2001 FTAA protest in Quebec

New NDP leader must stop knitters

by Patrick White

In the middle of the sprawling B.C. NDP convention floor, a woman knits what looks like a toque, seemingly oblivious to the events around her. Others at the humdrum Nov. 20–22 convention probably wish they were doing the same.

Carole James, a Métis woman detached from the provincial NDP's tarnished past, has become leader of a party in need of someone who can drum up some excitement.

The NDP is marred in terms of public support by a past that has included fast ferries, the Nanaimo gaming scandal, the so-called fudge-it-budget and, of course, criminal allegations against former premier Glen Clark. James wasn't around for any of that–something neither of the two sitting New Democrats, Joy Macphail and Jenny Kwan, can claim.

James was declared leader Sunday, Nov. 22 after garnering 395 second ballot votes, compared to 215 for former MLA Leonard Krog, and 162 for Victoria city councillor Nils Jensen.

James, a former chair of the B.C. School Trustees Association and social worker, will not run for office until the 2005 election, deciding her energy would be best spent on travelling around the province. "I want to focus our party on grass-roots participation where every voice is important and heard," she said.

Though delegates agreed the event was much livelier than the last leadership convention, held a just a few months after the party was devastated in the 2001 election, grumblings over candidates and no-shows persisted.

When then-leader Joy Macphail announced in May she planned to retire, she talked of new blood waiting in the wings to take over the party. Speculation over who would run included Victoria city councillor Rob Fleming, former Cabinet ministers Andrew Petter and Paul Ramsay, and labour leader Jim Sinclair. "Instead we got a bunch of also-rans," said one delegate. "They'd all make decent MLAs, but I don't see a leader among 'em."

Indifference toward the convention was apparent everywhere. Half of the youth delegate positions went unfilled and an impressive list of no-shows included recent premiers Mike Harcourt, Ujjal Dosanjh, Glen Clark and Dan Miller.

Other gripes centred on the Carole James campaign team, who were ever-present in yellow campaign scarves. "The James organizers are acting like Sergeants-in-arms. I just wanna tell them to get the hell outta my way," said one disgruntled Krog supporter.

Complaints about an alarming shortage of free alcohol were also echoed throughout the convention. Unlike the federal Liberal coronation of Paul Martin earlier this month, the B.C. NDP convention was short of free alcohol and the ensuing throngs of stumbling delegates. The only offering of free beer came at eventual fourth-place finisher Steve Orcherton's Friday night party, large quantities of which were quietly smuggled to a much livelier Carole James party across the hall. Aside from that, delegates were forced to cough up $6.50 for drinks–an astronomical price for a party known to spurn the wealthy. "Holy shit," said more than one delegate upon seeing the price list. The lack of free booze prompted several delegates to recount an old creed: "Conservatives go to conventions to get drunk, Liberals go to get laid and New Democrats go to collect pamphlets."

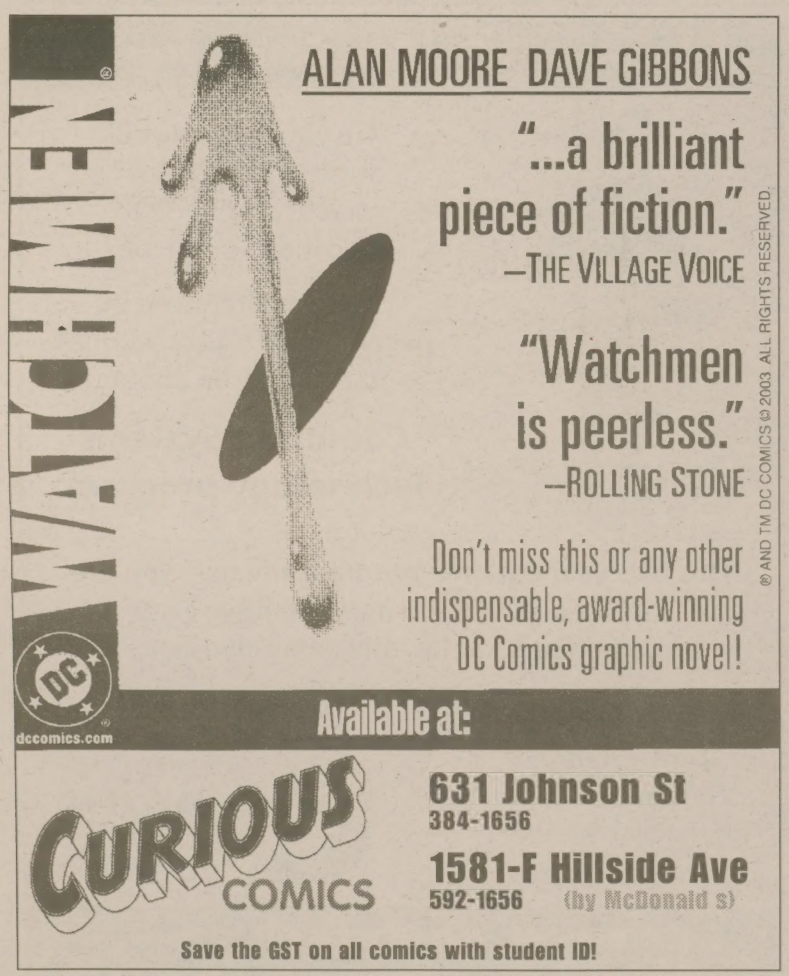
The highlight of the convention had to be a Don Cherry/Ron Maclean schtick performed by Province columnist Michael Smyth and Vancouver Sun columnist Vaughn Palmer during Saturday night's tribute dinner for Joy Macphail. Smyth, wearing a Cherry-esque plaid jacket, imitated the loudest mouth in Canada to a tee. He said of the outgoing NDP leader, "Dat dere Macphail kid, she's a real beauty."

The Saturday night tribute also featured a number of speakers talking about Macphail's 12 years in government. Among them was former premier Dave Barrett, who gave an impassioned speech. "This is the worst government we have ever had," Barrett said during his speech referring to the current B.C. Liberals, which was more an unbridled attack on the government than a tribute to Macphail.

James has a great deal of work ahead of her. She faces a Liberal party that has 77 of the 79 seats in the Legislature and an upstart Green Party, led by Adrienne Carr, that is splitting the vote on the left. One disgruntled long-time supporter candidly summed up the convention: "We've done the impossible. We've elected a leader that makes Adrienne Carr look like a political heavyweight."

Rebecca Harding photo

New NDP leader Carole James faces an uphill battle in convincing British Columbians that her party is fit to govern.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Shortage of women in sciences sparks program

BY AMAN NIRWAN

Though UVic has a reputation for having an abundant female population, there is a shortage of women in UVic's computer science program and nobody seems to be able to explain why.

Marilyn Burgess and Anissa St. Pierre, Co-coordinators of the Women in Science program at UVic, promote sciences among women and encourage more females to enroll in computer science.

Burgess believes that the shortage of women in the computer science department is partly due to a discouraging trend set in junior high schools.

"We have found that the increase of workload in junior high contributes to women's discouragement–that's when they start to shy away," said Burgess.

Since discovering this trend, the club has organized a high school visitation program to encourage younger females to pursue computer science.

In a 45-minute presentation, Burgess described how high school women are told about the benefits of computer science and the diversity of careers open to them.

Michael Miller, the Dean of Engineering, said that a career in computer science offers many benefits, such as the option of working from home and doing part-time work.

Cultural backgrounds, Burgess and St. Pierre both agree, do not seem to play as significant a role in the lack of women in the department.

St. Pierre's parents are Iranian, and she was raised in Tchad, Africa, until she was 13 years old. Although some females may be steered away from the sciences by their families, St. Pierre never felt that pressure.

"I don't think I can speak for the whole culture, but my parents certainly encouraged me to go into sciences," said St. Pierre.

Although Burgess has never encountered a situation in the UVic computer science department where culture was pushing females away from sciences, she recognizes its existence.

"I have known women from cultures where women are to stay away from hard sciences," said Burgess.

The number of females graduating from the UVic computer science department is an estimated 18 per cent, said Miller, who added this poses a concern for the faculty.

Engineering professor Dr. John Muzio said the faculty recognizes this problem and is trying to increase the overall general admission population in the department.

Burgess advises young females who are interested but intimidated to pursue computer science and stick with it.

"Find a place in the department that you like and make friends–the guys really aren't that scary, there's just lots of them," said Burgess.

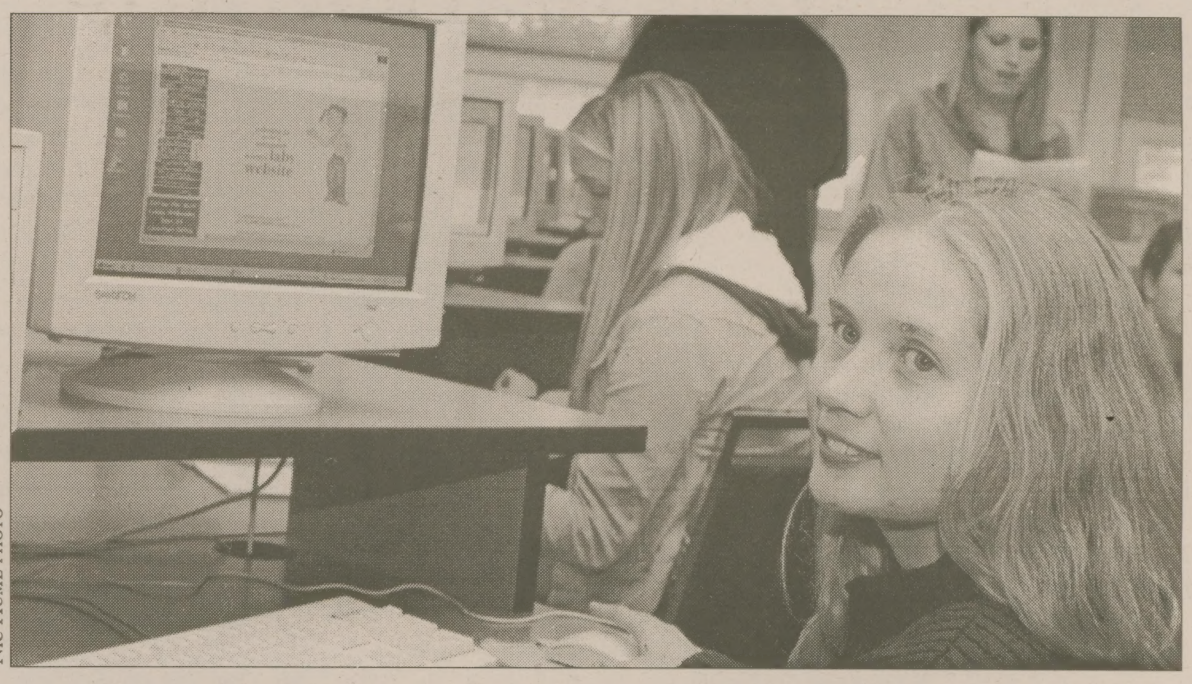
Daniel Sørensen, a fourth year computer science student, believes that women are not generally socialized to go into science fields.

"The way that society socializes people to go into one field or another could definitely account for the lack of women in computer science and society has always tended to identify hard science occupations as careers fit for males," said Sørensen.

He also attributes the deficiency of women to the lack of female role models in Computer science.

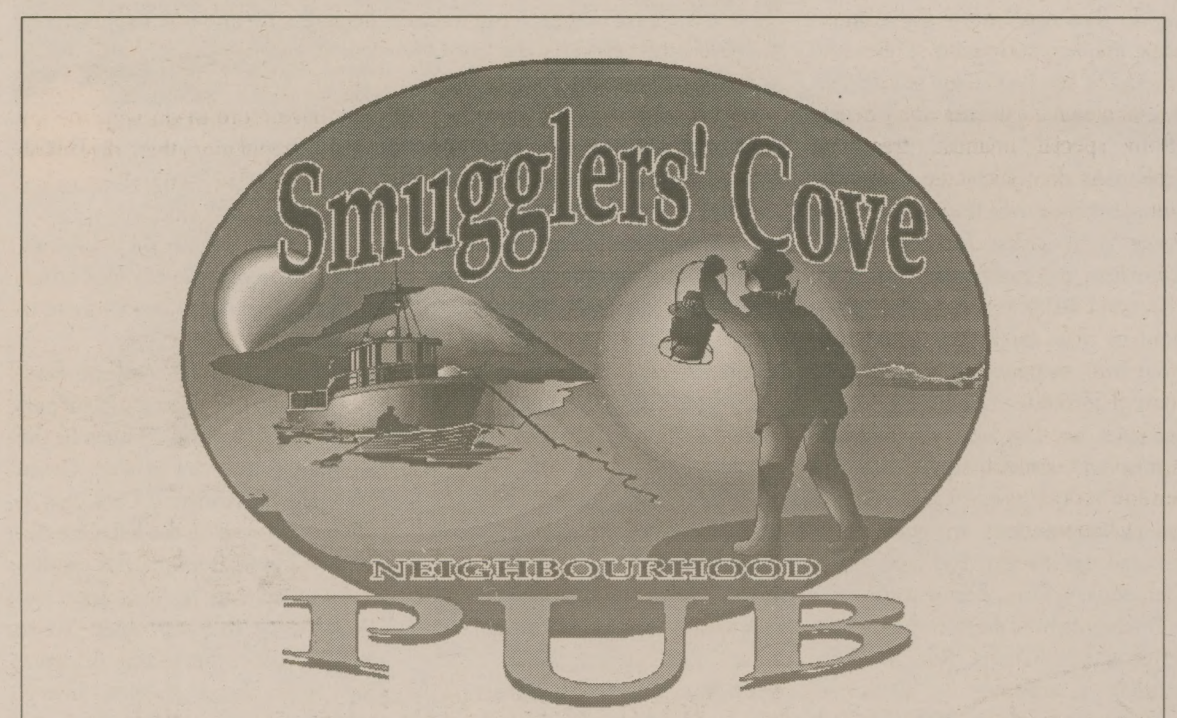
As a male in computer science at UVic, Sørensen says he would welcome more women into the department.

"I don't think there's any male in the department that wouldn't want more women in computer science," said Sørensen.



NIC HUME PHOTO

Marilyn Burgess is one of the coordinators of the Women in Science program, which encourages more women to enroll in computer science.



Smuggler's Cove Pub offers a cosy pub atmosphere that caters to a wide variety of customers ranging from locals, visiting tourists staying in nearby B&Bs and UVic staff and students.
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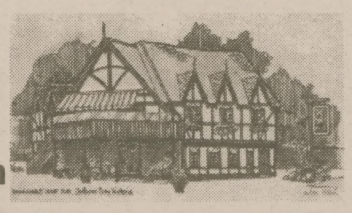

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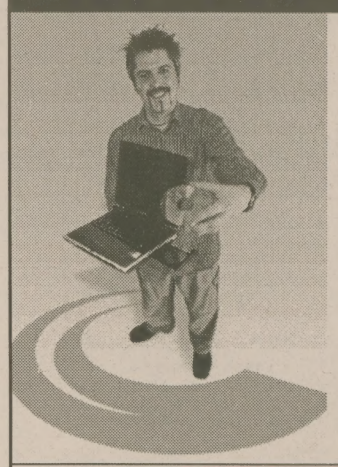

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Telus tells us nothing

by Amalia Colussi

Service delays at Telus are steaming students and other Victoria residents alike.

Complaints to the CRTC about Telus peaked at about 2,300 in October and continue to roll in. The telephone service and internet provider has received about 500 complaints so far in November as it struggles to deal with service problems after cutting its 25,000-member workforce by 6,500.

"In mid-October, my phone just cut out," said UVic student Harmony Ziegler on Nov. 17. "I just got it all cleared up about an hour ago."

The problems began with Ziegler unable to hear anyone when she answered a call. "The phone was ringing but I couldn't get anyone on the line," she said. As time went on, the problem got worse. "Finally it was just static and beeping," she said.

It took over 10 days to get it fixed.

During that time, Zeigler, who had access to a telephone because she was housesitting for a nearby neighbour, called Telus every day. "They said that based on their computer analysis, which turned out to be totally wrong, it couldn't be fixed until the end of November."

Earlier this month, the phone company came under fire after two elderly people died at home, unable to call for help because their phone service was malfunctioning. While these extreme cases made front-page news, thousands of other complaints made to the CRTC reveal the frustrations of Telus customers inconvenienced by service problems.

"It interrupted my personal life," said Ziegler. "My partner lives out of town and the phone was our main means of communicating."

She was also concerned about being charged for service that wasn't supplied. "They promised to reimburse it all on the next bill," said Ziegler. "But, of course, the bill wasn't amended." She called in Monday night and got the bill changed.

Telus has also received complaints about its poor level of Internet support.

For Cathleen Thom, the support just wasn't there from the start. She was given a blank start-up disk when she signed up for Telus's high-speed ADSL service. "The second disk worked once," she said. "When I asked for help they sent me some useless directions."

Another complaint about Telus centres on the considerable time required to get through to a customer service representative. "It took 40 minutes of waiting for technical services to get the name and password we needed and another 40 minutes of waiting to get the service set up again," said Thom. "The help line is atrocious."

The company's labyrinthine automated system doesn't allow for easy contact with a human being. "I found the Telus operators were fairly nice, but hard to get a hold of," said Ziegler.

Telus has begun to meet the CRTC standard of responding to 80 per cent of customer service calls within 20 seconds. This reporter, however, was unable to contact a Telus representative in person by press time, despite many more than 20 seconds on hold.

Nor has Telus responded promptly to demands for contracts from its unionized workers.

Members of the Telecommunications Workers Union who work for Telus have been without contracts since December 2000. A new round of contract bargaining with the 10,760 remaining union workers has less than 60 days to come to a settlement.

Nic Hume photo

Telus, the target of recent customer criticism, evades comment on shoddy service.

UVic works to increase international enrolment

by Heather Clark

UVic lags behind other Canadian universities when it comes to luring international students and providing the services they need.

At present, 17,899 students attend UVic, of which 1,319 are from outside Canada.

This ranks below other Canadian universities, according to the most recent *Maclean's* survey. Victoria places sixth in their comprehensive category, beneath schools like Simon Fraser, Concordia and New Brunswick.

UVic's aim is to ensure that their present 7.4 per cent continues to grow, according to the recruitment office. Within the next few years, the university anticipates that 10 per cent of the student body will consist of international students.

The recruitment team at UVic is pooling together with various universities across Canada to improve their international recruitment methods.

Students currently come to UVic from 88 different countries, ranging from the Netherlands to Vietnam and Bangladesh.

Recruitment takes place up to the end of the first semester. One of UVic's recruitment officers, Jennifer Chapman, left recently for a month of promoting UVic in Thailand.

"UVic has already made a name for itself in Thailand through the ESL programs. We will be targeting private schools such as the International Baccalaureat schools," she said.

Chapman explained that they have to select their market carefully. "Students have to have a certain level of English knowledge and must be financially able to cover our tuition fees."

During her past month in India, she said that 3,000 students visited an education fair in a space of six hours. UVic plans to target the United Arab Emirates as well.

Intensified international recruitment does not necessarily mean that international students are favoured over Canadian students. David Glen, associate administrative registrar of UVic, said that all students must have proper academic standing.

"The entrance requirement to UVic is a GPA of 81 per cent. This is roughly 70 per cent for a Baccalaureat diploma. Anybody who applies, and is eligible, receives an invitation."

International students don't benefit from special financial treatment either. As domestic tuition fees continue to rise, so do the fees for international students, which are already three times as high as domestic fees. One and a half credits of a business course, for example, costs them $1,438.70, compared to the domestic cost of $505.80.

"Their fees are so much more expensive because the Canadian government does not subsidize them," said Chapman.

She explained that UVic does not profit financially from international students. "Any money left over from their fees are redirected into scholarships. Just this year, UVic awarded $5 million in scholarships."

With respect to housing, international students receive no priority. Often they have no other connections in Victoria and must arrange their housing from half way across the world.

Glen admits that there is still work to be done in order to bring their facilities up to par. "International students are an important factor of our learning community," he said.

Recruiting international students may have more to do with the university's reputation than diversifying the campus. "When the students later acquire high-positioned jobs, it reflects well upon the university," said Glen.

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Located in the Student Union Building

The November Blues

Depression on the rise for students

BY BRYNA HALLAM

This is the busiest and most stressful time of the semester for students: deadlines are looming and finals are approaching quickly. Counselling Services is also booked solid, with students facing up to a three-week wait for an appointment.

"We see about 10 per cent of the student body for individual counselling," said Joe Parsons, manager of Counselling Services.

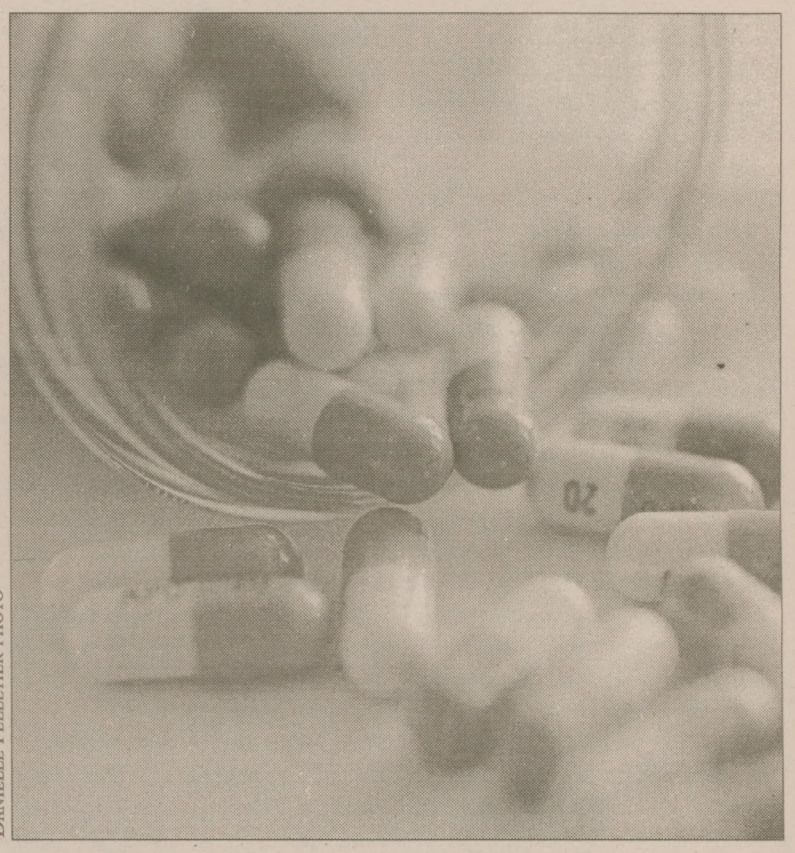
The top three concerns of students are stress and anxiety, relationships, and depression. Just under half of the students who come in are having problems with stress and anxiety, while about one third are depressed.

These numbers are up from previous years. Reports of stress, anxiety, and depression have increased across North America. At Counselling Services, the number of students thinking about suicide was not tracked before 1994 because it was so infrequent. In 2002–2003, there were 120 reported instances. Stress and anxiety concerns made up less than a third of the visits in 1994. In 2002 this number is approaching one-half.

According to Parsons, issues of stress and depression affect all students. Even high achievers do not always study well, and this can lead to stress and anxiety.

Counselling Services offers workshops in both study skills and time management. They also have a depression management group, a workshop for dealing with anxiety and drop-in anxiety relief groups.

At this point in the semester, preventative measures for avoiding stress will likely be too little, too late, but there are steps students can take. Parsons suggests to try establishing regular sleep patterns, eating well and taking time to relax.



DANIELLE PELLETIER PHOTO

Some students use medication in an attempt to curb the effects of depression.

Health Services has also seen an increase in the number of students coming to them with mental health concerns such as stress, anxiety and depression. The number of students seeking psychiatric help has tripled in the past decade.

Dr. William Dyson, director of Health Services, believes that depression is a contender for the number one cause of academic underperformance. Students often seek help once their grades begin to slip. Up until that point, they can rationalize their feelings of depression.

Because depression often leads to academic problems, Dyson thinks students are in a special category when it comes to dealing with mental health issues. "They need a rapid response because everyday they are not performing is money lost," Dyson said.

Dyson encourages students to exercise daily, eat well, establish a regular sleep pattern and engage in social activities to prevent and alleviate depression.

Another common cause of depression in university students is the feeling that their lives lack a larger meaning. Dyson points to examples from earlier societies where depression was unheard of. In those societies, the work an individual did had a concrete and immediate impact on themselves and their community.

Dyson believes it is important for people to examine their personal needs and find ways to fulfill them. "You have to find how to make life meaningful to you," he said. Often this can mean connecting to the community and getting involved in order to improve it.

In addition to the other causes of depression, many people have Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD). The changes in the seasons can trigger depression, making what is already a stressful time of year even harder.

Real-life Agent Starling speaks in Vancouver

BY LAURIE BURNS

While she has never met Hannibal Lector, Dr. Mary Ellen O'Toole has met plenty of psychopaths. Some say she could be the inspiration for Jodi Foster's character in *Silence of the Lambs*.

"We see the worst of the worst," O'Toole said to a crowd of professionals at the Justice Institute of BC on Saturday, Nov. 22.

At the "Crime Scene to Courtroom III: Hunting Humans" conference, O'Toole, the FBI's top profiler, spoke about what it is like to work in the Adult Crimes and Serial Killer Unit.

She became involved more than 20 years ago after being recruited by the FBI from her position as a mental health councillor at the San Francisco's District Attorney Office.

She had advice for law enforcement dealing with psychopaths. "Can you build rapport with a psychopath?" asked O'Toole. "Not just no, but hell no!"

Psychopaths are those rated by the Psychopathy Checklist–Revised (PCR) as being dangerous offenders. These people rate over 30 out of 40, while normal members of society rate between zero and eight. Paul Bernardo was rated a 35.

"What you see of these people is just the tip of the iceberg," said O'Toole.

"These are people without remorse or guilt for the crime they commit. They are cunning, glib and most often narcissistic."

"The worst thing you can do with the psychopath is flex your law enforcement muscles," said O'Toole.

O'Toole is trying to educate all FBI and police on how to deal with psychopaths, how to interview them and what a psychopath's crime scene looks like.

"If a victim looks as though she did nothing to provoke such violence against her," said O'Toole "then you have a psychopath."

O'Toole explained that psychopaths are experimenters and are not stupid. They seek "high thrills" and "high risk." They operate under the radar and can be smooth and good looking. Such was the case with a serial murderer from the United States who attacked middle class women in their homes during the day.

"You would have opened the door to him," O'Toole said. "I'm an FBI agent. I'm supposed to know better, and I would have opened the door."

O'Toole says she feels addicted to her work, and that the violence of these crimes doesn't bother her anymore. She said that she's not always comfortable in the male-dominated field but she's grown used to it and is treated like an equal.

Anti-violence against women

Frontline workers argue remembering is not enough

by Amalia Colussi and Sarah Petrescu

As the 13th memorial approaches for the women who died in the Montreal Massacre on December 6, women's advocates say remembering is not enough and even hypocritical.

"Nobody wants to talk about the real issues of why women are being killed in this province right now," said Penny Bain from the B.C. Institute Against Family Violence.

Bain said the majority of violence against women is within relationships. Fifty-one per cent of all Canadian women have experienced sexual or physical violence, according to a recent Stats Can report. Close to 60 per cent of these women survived more than one violent incident.

Bain said cutbacks to social services by the B.C. Liberal government put women at a greater risk of staying in violent relationships by limiting their financial and emotional abilities to leave.

"The whole system has turned a blind eye," said Bain. "People don't want to face up to the fact that for women it is often a lot less safe to be at home."

Rose Henry said First Nations women are often overlooked in bureaucratic addressing of violence against women.

Each year since the 14 women at l'École Polytechnique in Montreal, 13 of them students, were murdered by fellow student Marc Lepine in 1989, Canadians have gathered in various vigils and ceremonies to raise awareness and pay tribute.

In commemoration of the massacre, December 6 was officially proclaimed by the provincial government as "Day of Remembrance and Action on Violence Against Women in British Columbia."

Last year, Lynn Stevens, the Minister of State for Women's Equality, issued a message declaring that the deaths of the women in Montreal "became a catalyst for ongoing work to overcome violence against women…They moved us to stand up and say that violence against women–or anyone–is simply not acceptable."

Cindy L'Hirondelle, coordinator of the Victoria Status of Women Action Group (SWAG), said Stevens and the B.C. Liberal government are not working to end violence against women.

"It feels completely hypocritical for Lynn Stevens to pretend that she cares about women," said L'Hirondelle.

The Victoria Status of Women Action Group (SWAG) is boycotting the Dec. 6 events altogether. For the past two years they have demonstrated against the vigils. Last year, they laid out 60 pink socks on the B.C. Legislature steps to symbolize the 60 women missing from Vancouver's downtown eastside.

"There are 500 missing First Nations women in Western Canada," said L'Hirondelle. "This is a constant problem, especially in the North."

Government cuts have also forced some women into the sex trade, she says, as they look for ways to make ends meet. "What's going to happen in April?" she asked, referring to the next round of welfare cuts.

Rose Henry from the Capital Region Race Relations Association (CRRRA) says that violence against certain women is often overlooked or ignored. Abuse of First Nations women and women in the sex trade, for example, "doesn't get talked about, doesn't get heard," said Henry.

Many First Nations women find trusting a society or system that is not always culturally sensitive to be an obstacle, said Henry. The CRRRA offers counselling, support groups, workshops and other assistance to those impacted by racism.

Henry herself has overcome a violent relationship with an alcoholic and abusive first husband. "I asked my friends for help, but I had to keep asking over a series of years before I was willing to accept that help and change my way of life," she said. "It took having a baby to realize I had to do something." Even then, making a change was difficult. "It took a long time before I felt like taking the risk of being on my own. This is the problem, what a lot of abused women feel. They don't want to be alone," said Henry.

Frontline advocates like Bain, L'Hirondelle and Henry are not the only critics of the government's current methods of addressing issues of violence against women. According to a recent report by the United Nations Committee on the Elimination of Discrimination against Women, B.C. fails to meet their standards of opposing and preventing violence against women. The report states, "The Committee is concerned about a number of recent changes in British Columbia which have a disproportionately negative impact on women, in particular Aboriginal women."

The report criticizes the cutbacks to legal aid and welfare assistance, the incorporation of the Ministry of Women's Equality under the Ministry of Community, Aboriginal and Women's Services, the abolition of the Human Rights Commission, the closing of a number of courthouses and the proposed changes to the prosecution of domestic violence, as well as cuts to support programs for victims.

PROVIDED PHOTOS

Last year, the Status of Women Action Group organized an alternate action to the Dec. 6 vigil. SWAG participants laid 60 pink socks on the Legislature steps in reminder of women missing from the downtown eastside of Vancouver.

"It may be possible that B.C. is the only province ever singled out like this," said L'Hirondelle, who said the government needs to commit to developing solutions.

"People are giving up," she said. "They don't have the energy it takes to stick up for themselves and many women are staying in abusive situations."

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EDITORIAL

Bombs shake optimism

Fourteen years ago the Berlin Wall fell, the Soviet Union disintegrated and a wave of velvet revolutions washed over Eastern Europe from the Czech Republic through to Bulgaria. It was an unprecedented time in history.

What was remarkable about these revolutions was the fact that they largely came off without violence. Other than Romania's Ion Iliescu, the leaders of the revolts were not establishment figures or rebel warlords but playwrights and activists like the Czech Vaclav Havel. For a fleeting moment the idea that positive political change could come through non-violent revolution and that the power of the people was more than a stupid slogan seemed real.

It's hard to imagine we could have come farther from that time than we have. A month of horrific bombings in Istanbul are just the latest blow to this optimism, after a decade of bloody civil wars in the Congo, Rwanda, the Balkans, Sudan and Sri Lanka, as well as a series of ever escalating terrorist attacks and violent reprisals.

It seems as though we have become so inundated by the idea of violence that dozens of innocents killed in Istanbul has caused barely a ripple. It's as if we have accepted the idea that suicide bombings and full-scale invasions are the natural progression of politics.

With the bloody invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq fresh in our memories and the spectre of future conflict in Korea and Iran not beyond the realm of possibility, the idea of peaceful revolution and reconciliation seems like little more than a sad joke.

That's why the news coming out of the small former Soviet republic of Georgia this week is so hopeful. After widespread discontent with an election that returned former Soviet bureaucrat Edouard Shevardnadze to power, that was roundly condemned as fixed, people took to the streets. Three weeks of protest shut the country down and forced Shevardnadze to resign.

Much remains to be done in Georgia. For one, new elections must be held before confidence in democracy can be restored. However, a revolution without a drop of blood shed is always welcome. It certainly shreds the premise, so loosely propagated by the perpetrators of Istanbul amongst others, that violence is the only way. Maybe the optimism of 14 years ago is due for a renaissance. We could sure use it.

FTAA a public threat

WTO, FTAA, GATS–these strange combinations of letters had been subjects of intense political debate for two years prior to September 11, 2001, only to become drowned out by the sound of two jetliners crashing into the World Trade Center in New York and the shouting and echoes we've heard ever since.

But just because public discourse has changed shape doesn't mean the problems these acronyms embodied have gone away. Instead, they've simply fallen out of fashion to talk about. Hence the last meeting of the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) in Miami last week went mostly unnoticed. It's too bad, considering the innocuous-sounding agreement could have a big impact on how we make decisions as a community.

Take the subject of removing barriers to services. Most Canadians see public healthcare and education as national priorities, but their government funding could be considered an "illegal barrier" to private businesses competing in the same market, through the eyes of neo-liberal economists. (For details, see story on page two.)

The federal government assures us healthcare and education are exempt from the agreement, but other legal experts argue otherwise. And it's hard to trust the same federal Liberals who campaigned against free trade, them embraced it once they were elected.

These are the dirty details the public should be concerned about. If they haven't been heard, it's probably because it's hard to provide a nuanced critique within the constraints of a 15 second soundbite.

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings. Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.
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GRAHAM STAK GRAPHIC

"It's 'Buy Nothing Day'? Crap, I've got to go shopping. Oh well, at least it's not 'Steal Nothing Day'."

Wal-Mart drives into Trail

BY STEVEN MASUCH

I recently went home for the first time after coming to UVic.

I had expected some things to change.

Home is Fruitvale, near Trail in the West Kootenays–you might know of it as the smelter town.

There, the Auto-Vue drive-in movie theatre was one of the two drive-ins left in British Columbia. A defining feature of Trail for 50 years, it has been sold and will be torn down in order to make way for a new Wal-Mart store.

Economically, this makes sense–one business is losing money, another business wants the property.

The second company buys the property, builds a new store, and creates more jobs for the town–everybody's happy.

The only problem is that there's no room for sentimental feeling in this equation.

No mention of how the Auto-Vue was unique and special. No way to regain the old landmark of a drive-in theatre once the gigantic box store of Wal-Mart has been implanted into the vacant lot.

I'm not protesting specifically against Wal-Mart taking the place of the Auto-Vue. It could be Kmart, Zellers, Sears, Canadian Tire, Home Depot, or any gigantic chain store and I would still feel the same way.

I'm protesting against the removal of one of the few unique things about my hometown just so an all-powerful corporation can take its place and offer only mundane, low-paying jobs as consolation.

I realize that the jobs a new mega-store will provide are much needed, given the high unemployment rate of Trail.

Still, I can't help but feel bad that this need has pushed aside another special bit of small town history.

Not good to piss off the Vikes

BY RICH COLE

As both a supporter of *the Martlet* and a Varsity athlete, I find "Presenting the non-Vikes," by Richard Warnica (Thursday, November 20 issue) to stink worse than my first car after my brother repeatedly forgot to remove his sweaty hockey gear from the trunk. Take the statement, "nobody goes to Vikes games, nobody cares about UVic sports." Let me sum up your article up with one word: huh?

Lesson #1–Fortitude

I fully support *the Martlet*'s objective to embrace sports missed by mainstream media; however, statements such as "UVic school spirit sucks" ignore the Vikes' gate numbers which have increased dramatically over the past few years. Do your research and you will find that over one thousand fans have turned out for every basketball game this term. That's a whole lotta screaming students off their couch supporting the blue and gold (that's our team colors by the way–not "purple" as your article states).

Lesson #2–Consistency

I agree that sport goes way beyond public events. You say you "respect" varsity athletes but then contradict yourself with the statement, "O woe is thee, the varsity athlete." But you seem to be the only one whining. Real athletes are too busy achieving their goals to care if anyone's watching. If Canadian varsity athletes were in it for the egoism they would have sold out to American colleges a long time ago. And this leads me to my next point.

Lesson #3–Commitment

Legendary NCAA runner Steve Prefontaine once said, "sport is a work of art that people can look at and be affected in as many ways as they're capable of understanding." Great plays and exceptional levels of fitness are developed through thousands of practices in empty stadiums way before game day. Follow around any Vikes athlete and you'll find them up at 5 a.m. for workouts while the non-committed stay in bed, wet dreaming of things they will never attain.

Lesson #4–Excellence

Your article states that "sport is not about proceeding to the next level."

Excuse me? Obviously *the Martlet* is still hiding in the high school change room and has yet to realize that athletics are all about achieving the next level.

Yes, sports do "save people." But this requires more commitment than just showing up for the odd game of late night drop-in. Sport is about becoming better than you've ever been and this requires dedication. The "real athletes" are the ones who commit to their goals 100 per cent and give up everything from a good drunk to a great night of sex because they know their discipline will ultimately benefit them, both as an athlete and as a person.

Fundamentally, we argue the same point.

You say the world has never seen so many obese people and I say that the world has also never seen so many people who start things they do not finish. You say that the "adulation of the elite athlete is killing sports," and I say that athletes can lead us to greatness. a world of Lance Armstrongs and Muhammad Ali's.

Imagine a world where every individual commits to becoming the best they can be.

Sports are a paradigm life. Top athletes lead by example to show us what commitment and perseverance really means.

These lessons can transcend into every aspect of our lives if only we listen.

Michael Jordan once said, "I don't do things half heartedly because I know if I do then I can expect half hearted results."

Athletes often say as much about sport as they do the limitlessness of human potentiality.

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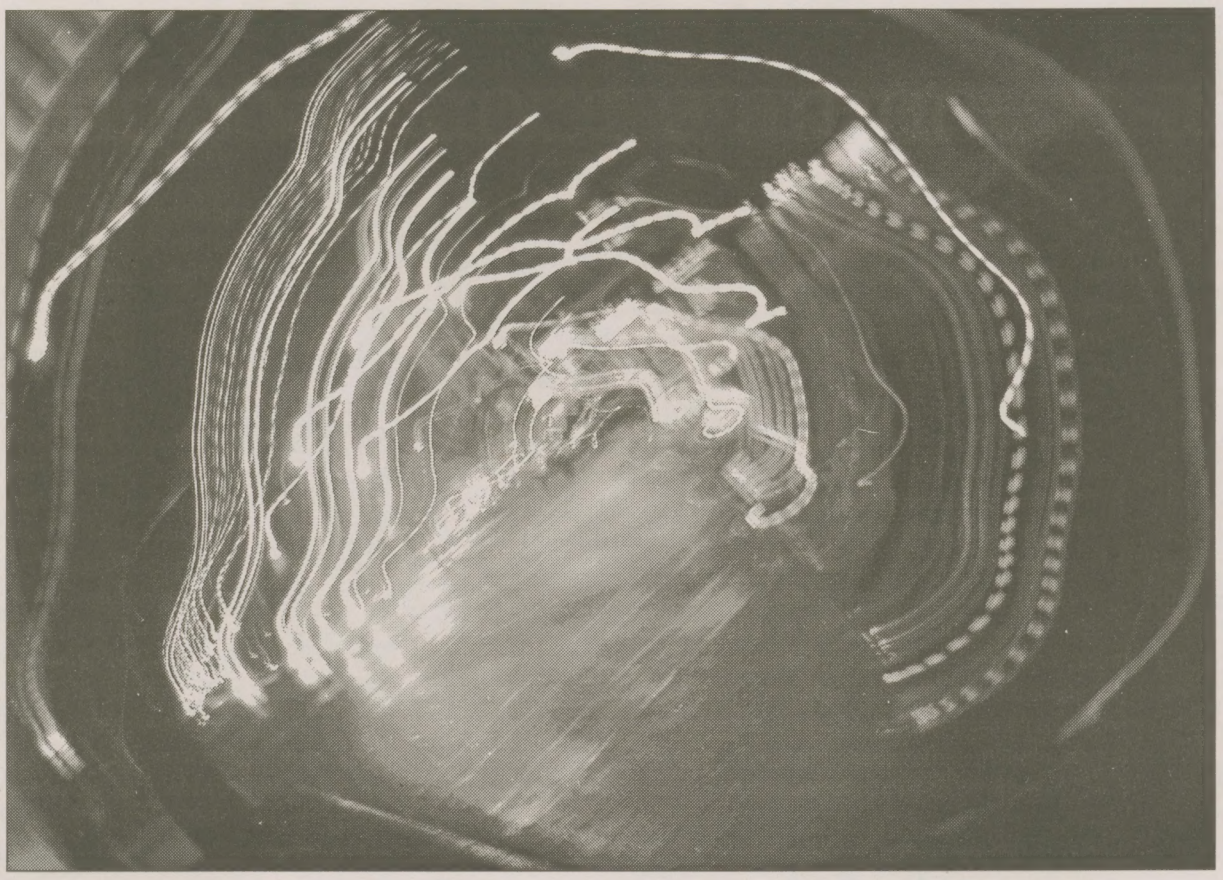
A twisted view of the night



Bernice, or Mr Shrivelhead photo

Spinning around downtown late at night can create some interesting views.

Professor known for easy A-pluses

'The ease of Andersen's classes is an open secret in the political science department'

BY RICHARD WARNICA

Dr. Andrew Andersen has caused quite the kafuffle this year. Between accusations of racism, student petitions and more media coverage than Paris Hilton, the now former UVic political science professor has really been through the ringer

Having taken two classes with Andersen and having had many a discussion about his, to say the least, unique teaching style, I've been shocked that in all the media coverage this incident has garnered, certain things have never been mentioned.

Now, the entire incident is apparently culminating, and there is still no mention of what–for most political science students–defines Andrew Andersen.

I feel like something must be said.

Andersen is loved by poli-sci students. The reason for this is that they can get A-pluses in his classes while doing little work. This is not a wild, out-there statement: the ease of Andersen's classes is an open secret in the political science department.

"Taking an Andersen class" is a poli-sci euphemism for "GPA booster." I should know. I have an "Andersen A-plus" on my transcript, and he even wrote me a reference letter.

The grading in most Andersen classes were generally split between attendance/participation, midterm, final and essay.

The attendance grade is a joke. At some point during each class an attendance sheet is circulated and, despite the fact that the class is rarely as much as half full, no one ever ends up being marked absent. Students simply have a friend sign the sheet for them.

Midterms and finals are, if possible, even more laughable. The format is more junior high school social studies than university social sciences. Usually the tests consist of three or four multiple choice questions, chosen seemingly at random from the often inane lecture content, with an equal number of short answers or fill in the blanks and a brief (at most one page) essay.

None of the questions demand any kind of critical thought. Usually the content veers highly towards the expansion of acronyms (What does UNESCO stand for?), the placing of historical dates (What year was the United Nations founded) and the identification of flags.

The essay topic is also entirely predictable. For a class in East Asian politics, the topic was "Describe the political systems of two East Asian nations." For a class on international organizations, the topic was "Describe the structure of the United Nations."

Any student capable of regurgitating half a dozen inane facts superficially related to the topic of the class is on "A-plus easy street."

Andersen's lectures consist primarily of personal anecdotes, generally preceded by "I probably shouldn't be telling you this but…" mixed in with historical back story that, regardless of lecture topic, always seems to return to the Caucasus.

While I am all for alternative teaching methods, some level of challenging instruction should be a prerequisite. The problem with Andersen is that there are quite a number of political science students who are actually getting into graduate schools largely on the basis of the four or five Andersen classes on their transcript.

I don't know if Dr. Andersen is a racist–I wasn't in the classes where the allegations of inappropriate comments were made, but in my experience he has never crossed that line.

That being said, I still think the poli-sci department had plenty of reason not to renew his contract.

A female perspective on FTAA protests

'Women seemed unable to be documented doing anything that wasn't "nurturing"'

BY ZOË BAKE-PATERSON

I don't know whether it was because I drove across the country with nine men just to get to the FTAA "Summit of the Americas," but in my memory it was an event dominated by males.

Male protestors clashing with male police officers, male union representatives marching against male business executives, and of course the multitude of male heads of state.

Even the media coverage focused on the multitudes of men "in battle," as one Quebec paper wrote.

In contrast, the female presence that was documented or witnessed was written off as "non-threatening," a stand-in word that seemed to be used when people wanted to say ineffective or unimportant.

Although I strongly disagree, I understand the lack of female perspective in the media. "If it bleeds, it leads" is a cliché in the journalism biz which communicates the notion that stories about violence, sex and tragedy sell better than anything else.

In the case of the FTAA, the protests and police violence captured more attention than the trade meetings or the non-violent creative actions.

As a result, the media had dozens of photos of men and police officers facing off between clouds of tear gas. What surprises me is that though there were far more men in the volatile protest zones, the media was naive enough to follow the stereotypical belief that women don't cause "trouble" and only focused on the men.

And has *the Martlet* coverage been any different?

There are many stories from the FTAA protest, and from many other protests before and since April 2001 that remain to be told. I understand that nothing can be completely captured by a single story, or even by a dozen stories, but what I regret is that of the dozens of stories that do appear, most will be told be men.

It isn't even that what the men and women were doing was so different. It's just that events unfolded, in a stupid "nurture or nature" division, and the women seemed unable to be documented doing anything that wasn't "nurturing."

The men were the heroes, the radicals, the rebels, the rioters, the revolutionaries, the nuisances, the anarchists and the criminals. Well, in reality, so were the women.

It seems to me that no one could believe that women could misbehave. So when they did, they were ignored. If finally they were noticed, the harassment was gender specific. I know this personally, from being "man"-handled and then fully searched by RCMP officers on a street. This occurred simply because I was female and "non-threatening," all the while my male friends stood by untouched.

This is what I think of as CBC broadcasts live interviews from the present FTAA meetings in Miami, Florida last week and I hear local American media talk only about the male organizers and students in the streets.

It is what sits heavily in my heart as as the National Day of Remembrance and Action on Violence Against Women draws near, and as I realize that this FTAA event was one more thing that silenced the experiences–some quite violent–of so many women that I know.

ANDREW PHOTO

Cracks in the fence

A Quebec City retrospective

BY JOHN THOMPSON

Everyone knows that wall is coming down. It was never a question. Almost 30 kilometres of concrete-reinforced chain-link fencing surrounds the perimeter of old Quebec City. It has become the object of activists' frustration, a symbol of the division between concerned citizens and an irresponsible government. There's no way that thing is staying up.

This thought resurfaces as I stand outside Laval University on Friday, April 20, 2001, and prepare to join the march against the Free Trade Area of the Americas, a sweeping trade agreement that will stretch from Alaska to Argentina. I am here because big corporations have more power than governments, and their control is entrenched in free-trade agreements. Democracy is being replaced by greasy fast food and overpriced running shoes.

There are thousands of people on the street. I begin to interview some: trade-unionists and tree-huggers, Trotskyites and the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty, elderly ladies and the Black Bloc. Students with home-made armour, shields made from plastic garbage cans strapped to their forearms.

The group I drove here from Victoria with is, like the movement itself, a grab bag. Paul is a 17-year-old anarchist from Duncan, with a gas mask, cans of spray paint, and a big wooden stick. Morgan is a big, bearded student leader with a history of getting into trouble. Richard is older and gets by working odd jobs and drawing chalk murals on the sidewalk. Zoë is a writing student I vaguely remember from an English class.

I am an idealistic student with many hats: A wool Russian hat, blue and black with earwarmers, to protect myself from the cold. A faded green, broad-billed Tilley hat, to look the part of a student reporter. A black toque, as a backup plan. I plan to shift between roles: As an Indymedia journalist, I will write insightful stories. As an activist, I will help protesters out-sneak the police. Maybe get behind the fence, dodging police sentries through dark alleyways.

The march starts to move, and soon splits into two. One stream is committed to non-violence, and will eventually march to an empty parking lot. The other heads straight for the fence. We go with them.

Further ahead, I see the Black Bloc. Some have shields, made from large, plastic barrels, cut in half. They lead the march, a squad of drummers thumping out a tribal beat. Paul is with them, somewhere. The teddy bear catapult is in tow not far behind: work of the Medieval Bloc, one of the many creative mutations taking place in Quebec.

We move forward through the crowd. A sea of placards marching against, as one banner puts it, "Coca-Colonization." Another one sums up protesters' fears: "Canada: 1867-2005. It was fun."

We're close to the fence, and property is being attacked. Rocks are thrown at a Shell Station. I know why. Shell is an oil company with shady practices in Nigeria, working hand-in-hand with the country's military regime.

Nearby, the windows of a CBC van are broken. "Désinformation" is painted on its hood. I know why this happens, too. The CBC will produce the most balanced coverage of the protest. It doesn't matter. People are enraged, and it overflows.

Every intersection is lined with riot police holding shields and batons. They stand silent: disciplined, or maybe just waiting. They wear gas-masks, helmets, and heavy padding, in green and black. Some protesters look at them with curiosity, others call them pigs. I take a picture. Further ahead, the crowd reaches the fence.

It begins with a ripple. When the crowd hits the fence, I see it shudder. Some pull with their hands. Others use ropes, or bolt-cutters, or hang from the top, rocking wildly back and forth. Behind the fence is another wall: hundreds of black helmets and clear shields shining in the sunlight, waiting.

I am 15 metres back, and I see the wave form. It reverberates along the fence, growing into a violent, feverish pitch. It shakes for several minutes, then part of it falls.

The police hold their ground as protesters clamber over the wall. I watch angry youth break apart the sidewalk, throwing slabs at police. Other protesters sit at the stormtroopers' feet, forming peace symbols with their hands.

Between the concrete-hurtlers and the peaceniks, there is no communication. I try to take pictures, but my hands shake too much. Bottles, sticks and concrete bounce off the police shields. For several minutes, the police don't react. Inside those several minutes, the rest of the weekend changes shape. Emerging from those several minutes, the police retaliate.

Gas canisters fly into the crowd. The teddy bear catapult moves forward, pushed and pulled over the concrete base of the fence. It squares off against the riot police, takes aim, and fires a stuffed animal at the heavily-armoured cops. They fire more gas in response.

We are behind the catapult, and a gas canister arcs through the air, right towards us. I watch it tumble and roll, spinning towards my feet. Zoë yells in my ear, telling me to move. I am busy trying to control my shaking hands, trying to photograph the canister. White gas pours from it as it rolls closer and closer. I am not worried: I am a viewfinder, disengaged from my surroundings.

This doesn't last for long. Suddenly, I can't breathe, and can't see.

Gas makes you helpless. That's its intent, its function. You gag, try to yell, but the closest you come is to retch. It doesn't only sting your eyes, it stings your skin, your face. If your pants aren't tucked in, it creeps up your legs. It moves with the wind, disperses into a thin haze, and leaves a coat of powder on whatever it touches.

Zoë pulls me from the gas. I still can't see anything. I stumble with her and others, moving to the far side of the street. I think I'm okay, then I rub my eyes and the gas reactivates. I gasp. Someone pours water over my eyes, and they clear.

Behind us, trucks with water cannons come tearing down the street. Some protesters, fearless, attack the vehicles with sticks, smashing their windows. More police are closing in from surrounding intersections. We need to move.

The conflict continues throughout the day. Like the gas, it spreads everywhere. The police close up the perimeter breach, and continue moving forward. I see a squad of riot police marching past, arms and feet swinging in time. Behind them a group of protesters follow, mimicking the police, moving like mechanical wind-up toys.

That evening Morgan wants to go to an NDP function in a hotel, and the rest of us tag along. The people inside seem insulated, smug and self-congratulatory.

We leave soon, eating cheap pizza somewhere instead, and run into others from Victoria. I ask one of them, Kristina, what she thinks of the protesters.

"They're crazy," she says. "They were playing Frisbee in the gas, right up against the police line. They weren't even wearing masks."

Saturday begins like Friday. There is no indication that everything will fall apart.

Today is the labour march, expected to draw over 50,000 people. Morgan hopes to convince trade unionists to break from their parade route. If organized labour throws their weight against the fence, yesterday's breach will look like nothing. I see Paul, with other kids in the Black Bloc. Trade unionists give them uneasy looks.

The march starts, but it takes half an hour until where we stand starts moving. When it does, I move quickly down the sidewalk. A child in a stroller is holding a sign: Petit, Mais Pas Fol. "Small, But Not Stupid."

We see pillars of coloured graffiti. Above, a bridge is crowded with protesters. Then their bodies fade and disappear, lost inside a white cloud of teargas. I want to help. Ahead, there is an opportunity.

Hanging from a traffic signal, a protester in black stands over the crowd. He points left. Following his arm, an intersecting road leads uphill, towards the perimeter. Banners point that way, too. A squad of radical cheerleaders chant, "Let's go left." I join them, shouting.

A human chain is formed, keeping cheerleaders and trade unionists apart. Members of a Quebec union have linked their arms, turned their backs to us. Not everyone stays inside this pen, but many do. In some cases, I can see why: baby carriages being pushed, children in hands. Still, I am angry. After half an hour of attempting to persuade people to head for the fence, I move up the hill.

The question of solidarity between organized labour and the rest of the protest occupies my mind until later in the afternoon. Up against the perimeter, in a cloud of gas, I see a

man wearing a baseball cap, holding a yellow Steelworkers flag.

Grinning, I tell him I am glad to see him with us. Through the bandana covering his face, he says he wouldn't miss it for the fucking world.

"Police Kidnapped Morgan Stewart." The writing is on the wall, at the top of the hill, in big, colourful chalk letters. When I first see this, I think it's a joke. I laugh, and aim to get a good photo.

Hours later, I hear what happened: Morgan was at an intersection, wearing a black helmet and ski goggles, chanting "So-So-So, Solidarité," into his loudspeaker. Police grabbed him from behind, threw him to the ground and dragged him into an unmarked van. Someone smashed the van's window while Richard pounded on its side, yelling "Give me back my friend," when it drove away.

Nobody expected this to happen. Morgan has an exam in a week. He also has the car keys.

That afternoon, I force myself to stay in the gas. I stay at one street corner, where Cote D'Abraham meets the fence. Police are behind the chain-link. They are also above, on the roof of a nearby building, lobbing canisters at where we stand. Someone with gloves crouches, grabs one. Runs. A plume of gas trailing behind him, he hurtles the canister over the fence. We all cheer. These small, symbolic victories mark the afternoon.

Nearby, someone is playing bagpipes. I also see the Easter Bunny, carrying a basket of chocolate eggs and hiding them between rows of police. Down the street, sticks are banging a rhythm out on street signs and the overpass railing. The air shakes to the slow, heavy beat.

After wading through tear gas for hours, I am tired. I wait with Richard outside the Indymedia Centre. He is drawing on the sidewalk, at the bottom of the stairs. Earlier, we agreed this would be our meeting point.

On the pavement, Richard is drawing a small child whose arms are outstretched, handing a shoe to a white-haired businessman. It looks pretty good: the man has greenbacks hanging from his pockets, and the shoe has a Nike swoosh. People stop to take photos and drop change into Richard's gas mask.

Suddenly we hear shouting at the top of the stairs. The police have moved down Cote D'Abraham, above us. They're firing tear gas down the stairs. Richard is still working with his chalk.

I yell at him, tell him to pick up his stuff: "Move, quick." I barely make it into the Centre, and they lock the doors behind me. Past the lobby, media activists are working at rows of computers. I stay by the doors, looking outside for Richard.

Medics approach, banging on the windows. Police have gassed the medical centre. They need the Indymedia lobby to treat the injured.

They enter. "This room is contaminated," one says. He's right. My eyes sting. We remove unnecessary clothing, piling it in a corner. I look outside, but I don't see Richard.

"I was rescued by a medic," he says hours later, lying on the floor by the doorway. He explains how, when police came down the stairs, he threw a stick at them. His chalk holder. He turned, ran, and was shot in the back with a rubber bullet.

Now, with his shirt peeled off, I can see a big, ugly bruise on his back. He seems okay, until he starts pissing blood.

Everything is out of control, and I am terrified. I left Victoria believing I was prepared. If anyone asks, I can explain the lyrics to any Rage Against the Machine song. I can recite arcane knowledge about trade agreements. I can argue with passion that the system needs to be dismantled, not reformed.

But I can hardly speak a word of French. My friends are either injured, abducted, or lost. My nerves are too shot for me to function. I cannot make sense of what is happening.

It's dark, late Saturday night. A friend asks if I want a bottle to throw at the police.

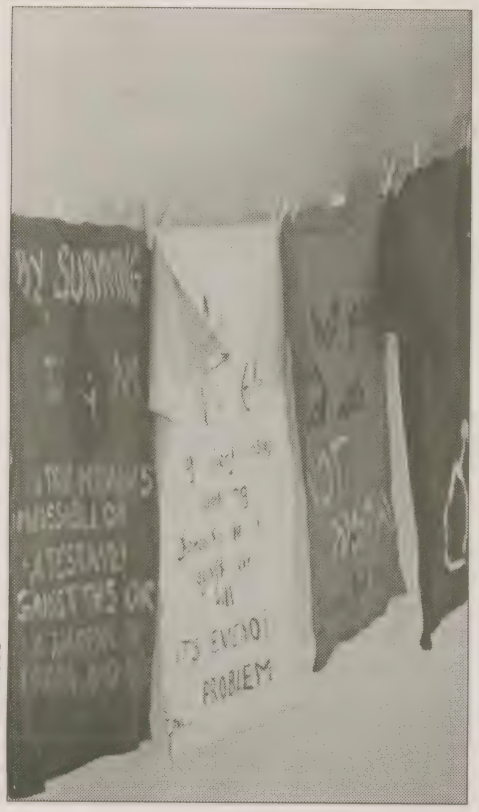
There are about a hundred of us gathered at the same street corner, playing the back-and-forth game: moving forward when we can, moving back when the gas overpowers us.

The gas is even getting to the cops: they are watering themselves with a hose, spraying their heads. An impenetrable line of shining, black beetles under the streetlights.

I don't take the bottle, but I know then why they are being thrown. Understanding this isn't something I think, it's something I feel, twisting inside my stomach.

When I catch the train to Toronto the next day, I leave a part of myself behind: my optimism in protest, my faith in the crowd. Still, to this day I keep my gas mask, stuffed away in the corner of my closet, wrapped in a plastic bag.

Art as resistance: raising violence awareness



NIC HUME PHOTO

Articles as innocuous as T-shirts can raise awareness about violence against women.

BY BRYNA HALLAM

At first glance, the room seems too colourful to make a statement about violence. Bold T-shirts in yellow, red and purple hang from a clothesline suspended against one wall.

"You are so brave," one reads, "You survived."

The Art of Resistance is a show put on at the Rogue Gallery by the Open UVic Resource Sexual Assault Center (OURSAC) designed to draw attention to violence in our society.

OURSAC is a student-based service committed to the empowerment and support of survivors of sexualized violence and is available to anyone who is affected by sexual assault or abuse.

"The Art of Resistance is a way of raising awareness about the existence of violence, past and present, in our society," said Tammie Jeppesen, co-coordinator of OURSAC. "It also allows survivors, and their supporters, to actively resist the violence they have endured."

The exhibit is part of an ongoing effort by OURSAC to raise awareness regarding the issue of sexualized violence.

"We wanted to do a creative project," said Jeppesen, "and we thought that an art exhibit could potentially reach hundreds of people."

The art deals primarily with the symptoms and effects of violence. The concept is that creating art allows people to do something instead of having something done to them. According to OURSAC, the show gives survivors and their supporters an opportunity to show how violence has had an impact on their lives.

"There are many ways of resisting violence," said Jeppesen, "and creative expressions such as painting, photography, sculpture, poetry and drawing are all forms of resistance. Artistic expression is a way of healing."

Inside the gallery is a mixed collection ranging from poetry and spoken word to paintings, photography, and sculptures. A variety of themes are explored through the different pieces: racialized, sexualized, institutionalized and random violence all make an appearance within the walls of the gallery.

The pieces are powerful reminders that violence does exist and that it affects all of us. Many place seemingly innocent pictures against the violence they deal with. This juxtaposition has a chilling effect that drives home how violence is often found where it is least expected. The use of bright colours in many of the pieces has the same effect.

One example is the series of paintings "Dear Christine" by Sylvia Bews-Wright. The paintings depict Barbadian women in bikinis and have letters to Barbados' version of Ann Landers or Dear Abby copied around the images. There is a strong contrast between how the women are presented–with bright colours and revealing clothes–and what their words say, showing how the violence women endure often contradicts the image they present to society.

Jeppesen says the show has been successful in bringing violence to light. "The opening night was an amazing success," she said. "We have had an overwhelmingly positive response from everyone involved. Several of the artists attended opening night and many of them commented that the show impacted them strongly."

Many stories of violence are presented in the art, but they are also stories of resistance, survival and peace. The show is described by Jeppesen as emotional, tragic, empowering, motivating and shocking. Overall, the show is indeed disturbing and difficult to see, but leaves viewers with a sense of empowerment.

Getting bang for your buck with Buck 65

BY JOHN THOMPSON

Buck 65
Talkin' Honky Blues
Warner

Over the past few years, Buck 65 has produced some of the most interesting hip-hop in the country. His major label debut, *Talkin' Honky Blues*, combines his raspy growl with synthesizers, wild west guitars and slow heavy beats.

Not everyone likes this album. With a lot of airplay for his single "Wicked and Weird," Richard Terfly has become a CBC media darling lately and his new direction–more musically slick, more lyrically earnest –has alienated this gruff DJ from the Maritimes from the underground hip-hop scene he used to be a part of. He doesn't seem to mind.

"I got to where I am right now through a process of evolution over the past 15 years," he says. "I listen to my old stuff, and I laugh at how cocky I was."

This album reveals his aspirations. After turning 30, spending a year in Paris, and immersing himself in music from the old talking blues (a precursor to hip-hop, and the album's namesake) to classical music, Terfry says his interests now go beyond playing for "18 year old guys in hoodies acting tough."

"I wanted to lay some sort of rightful claim to the title [of] songwriter," he says, adding that "you can't compare Dr. Dre and Brian Wilson."

"It's like people saying, 'No, don't get smarter. We like you dumb.' I need to keep feeding myself."

Critics have said he's most successful when he pits his many alter-egos against one another in his lyrics. On *Talkin' Honky Blues*, his grumpy old man personae definitely comes out on top. His lyrics are quirky and reflective, a strange combination of a child's imagination and elderly nostalgia.

"There's two kinds of beauty. One is the kind of beauty that you'll see in a museum," he says, "the other is the kind you find in a junkyard." In France, he found the second sort, which he says gave him a new appreciation for home.

"There's no real riff-raff in Paris," he says. "There's no scum."

This album brings the museum and the junkyard together, most notably in tracks like "Craftsmanship," where he waxes philosophic through the mouth of an old shoe shiner against a backdrop of shifting beats, reminiscent of DJ Shadow's *Entroducing*.

The album's production, mastered by industry bigwig Bob Ludwig, takes a dramatic step from the recorded-in-a-closet feel of his previous recordings.

Terfry's music takes hints from Danny Elfman, who composed film scores for *Edward Scissorhands*, *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* and *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. The result is a soundtrack as richly textured as his lyrics.

A few tracks border on being painfully earnest, with apologies to old girlfriends probably best made elsewhere.

Still, the highpoints of the album–"Wicked and Weird," "463" and "Craftsmanship"–make the album well worth a listen, especially if you've never counted yourself a fan of hip-hop before.

Terfly's stated goal is to change all that.

"Why are there so few hip-hop albums you can play to your grandparents?" he asks.

"Why can't there be a hip-hop album held up to the [the Beatles'] *White album* or *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, or [Nirvana's] *Nevermind*?"

While in New York recently, Terfly visited a music store where he says there was a section for "everything." The bin where classics like the Beatles and Bob Marley resided was labeled "The Establishment."

"If some day I could have something there," he says, "that's what I'm shooting for."

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Canada's 'King of Yodeling'

by Adam Jones

At 94 years old, Alberta Slim is one of the world's oldest performers. This cowboy continues to captivate an audience at this stage in his lengthy career. Speaking with Slim on the phone, he spun stories like a seasoned entertainer on subjects from his childhood ("my father and I hand-milked all the cows–we didn't have milkin' machines back then") to the time he owned a travelling circus, "with an elephant that played harmonica, and a blue donkey."

"I started singing around the age of 12, on the farm, just on the border of Alberta. I heard music on our battery-powered radio and that yodeling style is what I started singing." When he got older and started riding the rails during the Depression, Slim busked and played at dances for his dinner. Luckily Slim made his way to the CKCK station in Regina, where he was much loved. He began performing several times a week. Through his performances throughout the early to mid-'40s on CKCK and later B.C.'s own CKNW, his reputation spread far and wide. Eventually, due to an incredible demand in Canada (especially Nova Scotia), RCA signed Slim to a contract where he recorded some of the folk and yodeling songs for which he is famous today.

"Throughout my life I've tried to create a history of Canada through song. I have songs about the 'Queen of the Calgary Stampede,' 'Red River Waltz,' 'The Hanging of Louis Riel' and 'Vancouver By the Sea.' I've written songs about pretty much every place or part of Canada I've been to from [Vancouver] to Halifax. I think that I'm one of the last entertainers around that still does that kind of song and music. Each song is a story, with a beginning, a middle, and an end. Sometimes I think I could just put away my guitar and just read 'em out to people. But the people like to dance and hear the yodeling, so I guess I can't do that."

Alberta Slim's perhaps most well-known and loved song is in fact a self-penned virtuoso yodeling number called "She Taught Me How To Yodel." The song, originally recorded in the '40s for RCA, features a simple guitar line that provides a spotlight for Slim's large yodeling range, which is quite impressive when placed in the context of North American country-style yodeling.

Slim has recently released a comprehensive series of disks (seven CDs, with another on the way), which showcase his long-standing career in Canadian music, including many of his "own patriotic-type ballads about Canada." He also has a series of songbooks available on his website for those interested in learning some of these tunes.

This 94-year-old Canadian folk legend will be playing an all-ages show from 2–4 p.m. at the Central Bar & Grill on Sunday, Nov. 30, where he promises to "yodel and entertain, as well as tell a few jokes for the folks as well." It's a show you can't miss.

Graham Stark graphic

Four books for the notoriously hard to shop for

by Richard Warnica

For the unemployed post-socialist freemason

Umberto Eco
Foucault's Pendulum

Foucault's Pendulum is like a massive tasty gobstopper with occasional layers of boring tasteless steel. If you can slog through the first chapter's excessive mathematics and endure the two or three hundred pages of straight historical backstory that Eco intersperses with the action, then *Pendulum* is actually quite an enjoyable treat.

The novel, translated from the Italian by William Weaver, follows three editors at a publishing house charged with putting out a series on the occult. One of them, the narrator Causabaun, wrote his doctoral thesis on the Knights Templar, Crusade era Christian warriors whose disbanding is said to have led to the founding of everyone from the Freemasons to the Nazis. His research sets off a thousand-year-old plot by the descendants of the aforementioned knights to conquer the world, the details of which are hazy.

Foucault's Pendulum is not meant to be an easy read. The plot is almost impossible to follow and the arcane European history is, at times, mind numbing. That being said, Eco, a practising academic, is still a wonderfully nuanced writer and quite likely the world's greatest Trivial Pursuit player. This offering is perfect for anyone interested in the occult, freemasonry, and sarcastic swarthy Italians.

For the pseudo-Freudian Newfoundlander hockey fan

Wayne Johnston
The Divine Ryans

Have you ever had that dream where a composite creation of your mother's naked torso and your sister's prepubescent crotch are chasing you through your house? Me neither. But Draper Doyle Ryan, the central character in Wayne Johnston's *The Divine Ryans* has, and not just once.

The Divine Ryans is the story of Draper Doyle, a fatherless hockey-obsessed nine-year-old living in the Newfoundland of the 60s. After his father dies, Draper Doyle and his mother and older sister are forced to move in with Aunt Phil, the matriarch of the once-prosperous Ryan clan. The domineering and slightly loony Aunt Phil is only one of many crosses the confused Draper Doyle is forced to bear. Daytime delusions, a leaky penis and a total lack of discernable skills all conspire to keep him from coming to terms with his father's suicide and the hidden life that led him to it.

The book is set entirely in the bizarre world of a much-repressed nine-year old. And, like many a story told by nine-year olds, it is funny, sad, and completely devoid of a satisfying ending. I suspect that Johnston had a collection of ridiculously funny Newfoundland anecdotes and no really good way to make them into a novel. Instead of publishing a crappy compendium of east coast humor or becoming a staff writer for *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*, Johnston crammed all the funny into the contrived plot that is *The Divine Ryans*.

For the lazy Joyce fan with a penchant for penis jokes

Roddy Doyle
Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha

Roddy Doyle's Booker Prize-winning *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* reads something like James Joyce lite. The childhood stream of consciousness narrative and the Dublin setting are both heavily reminiscent of old man JJ's Dubliners and Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. The only difference is that Doyle's novel is actually fun to read.

The book is a year through the eyes of the titular Paddy, a 10-year-old Dublin boy that likes most 10-year-old boy things: pointless theft of women's magazines (not the nudie kind, but the Irish women's quilting quarterly kind), crotch jokes, and lighting his younger brother's lips on fire. In between football, fighting, and general hooliganism, the story of Paddy's parents' fast-failing marriage is gradually and subtly introduced.

Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha is shockingly heartfelt and funny. Anyone that has ever been a 10-year-old boy, or known a 10-year-old boy, will sympathize with Paddy.

While a true Joycean might call the book "simple" for its failure to deal with 476 different perspectives and literary styles, the fact is that it actually manages to tell a readable story, while still being stylistically bold.

For the newspaper ethicist and world's worst friend

Ian McEwan
Amsterdam

Reading Ian McEwan's *Amsterdam*, which won the Booker prize in 1998, is like reading an ethics class essay written by Alfred Hitchcock. On one level, the book is a straight examination of moral choices and their consequences. On another, it's a gruesomely macabre black comedy about the death of friendship, decency, and the idea of right and wrong.

McEwan sets the action around the two parallel ethical puzzles of the old friends Clive Linly, a newspaper editor, and Vernon Halliday, a classical composer. Dilemmas force the men to choose between their ethics and their ambitions. The disastrous results of both choices leave the men disgusted with themselves and each other, and sets up the nasty payoff in the city of Amsterdam.

McEwan revels in the use of the city as metaphor. In his early novel *The Comfort of Strangers*, Venice served as his symbol of confusion, alienation, and the surreal. In *Amsterdam*, McEwan uses the pot smoke, euthanasia and red districts of the Dutch city as a symbol of the moral ambiguity haunting Clive and Vernon.

From the very beginning it is very clear that something bad is going to happen to the two. What makes *Amsterdam* a special book is that McEwan keeps the suspense up even after giving the plot away. *Amsterdam* is a little morality play dressed up as a Hollywood thriller and it works as both.

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It's good

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

Young and Sexy
Life Through One Speaker
Mint Records Inc.

Young and Sexy, the fetching melodic Vancouver indie pop band, is gearing up to hit the Victoria stage. Call the music what you want, but one thing is certain: Young and Sexy have developed a polished and subtle sound on *Life Through One Speaker.*

The labels are dime-a-dozen when it comes to describing this west coast five-member band. But how do you describe such a complex new sound in the ever-changing indie music scene?

"Memorable" is a word that comes to mind, inspired perhaps by the cheerful cover shot of Wonder Woman walking down the beach or quirky characters like the "Herculean Bellboy." Plus, the catchy beat is actually catching and you may find yourself humming their riffs for days afterward.

Though their name may suggest otherwise, this band is more about being older and wiser rather than youthful and stupid. Paul Hixon Pittman's tunes are often about realizations over missed moments or dreams that never seem to overlap with reality.

The songs are remarkable, abandoning symmetry and leaving the listener unsure what they'll throw out next. Young and Sexy's second album is a sincere compilation of true pop magic.

Young and Sexy play at Logans on Nov. 29 at 9 p.m. Look for an interview in next week's Martlet.

Good Nite Irene are vocal talents

Rebecca Peric photo

Kyle McNicol plays it hard in rehearsal time.

by Rebecca Peric

They may not have become pilots, actors or superheroes, the dream professions of their childhood, but at least members of local Victoria band Good Nite Irene have found each other. Together, they combine their minds and talents to create a new sound to the never-ending world of rock music.

The band–composed of Kris Degaust on guitar and lead vocals, Kyle McNicol on guitar, Gavin Powel on bass, and Adam Somers on drums–is re-grouping after roughly a half-year break. "We're taking stuff, changing it, and seeing what we can do with it," said Powel.

The band's music has a unique feel to it. Unlike many rock bands, the vocals don't get dragged behind the music. Instead, they seem to lead the music on. The drums, guitar and bass all balance out, complementing each other. The four musicians make it happen, as they obviously love what they do, joking around with each other while they get down to business.

Influenced by almost every genre of music, Degaust noted a few specifics: Thom from Radiohead, Bono from U2 and Chino from Deftones for vocals; Nirvana, Foo Fighters and Depeche Mode for guitar. Somers, McNicol and Powel all agree that NoFX is definitely an influence too.

"Any style helps you learn something about your instrument," said Powel.

Good Nite Irene started when Degaust met McNicol in college and they started jamming together in 2001. They played their first two gigs with Somers and their original bassist, who later left to play guitar for another band. Powel took his place. "I thought they were so cool and begged them to let me play with them," Powel laughed.

They've released a self-titled EP, as well as the single "Wreckin' Ball." They're working on a full-length album, and already have five songs. The album was supposed to be out this year, but because of their break the release was delayed. They're planning to release it in early 2004.

At the moment they're also working on a music video for their song "On The Brink," which they're going to finish filming at their concert this month. "So if you want to be in the video, come to the show," said Degaust.

Good Nite Irene will be playing Nov. 29 at Steamers.

Jane Siberry goes ethereal

by Sarah Petrescu

Since Canadian chanteuse Jane Siberry dropped major label-dom to start her own indy label seven years ago, she has been somewhat of an enigma in the mainstream music scene. Running the web-based label Sheeba Records has proved a rewarding challenge for Siberry, who is still trying to find a few months to write and record an album of original music.

"I'm thankful that things are in my own hands, that I can sink or swim under my own steam–there's nothing worse than sinking under someone else's direction. It's a good feeling. I get to burn bridges happily, just so I can do things the way I want to do them," said Siberry.

Siberry is mostly known for her haunting ballads of the eighties and early nineties on albums such as *The Speckless Sky* and *The Walking* and in the films *The Crow, the Sweet Hereafter* and *Pay It Forward.* Since going indy, Siberry has released several experimental works, to the chagrin of some of her pop fans. Still, she says her exploration of artistic freedom has been to the pleasure of most devotees.

"People who find me interesting as a person have enjoyed my journey. I have to keep plugging away and getting as close to what I have in my head as I can. The experimental stuff is never superficial. I can't really help whatever direction I go in," said Siberry.

Siberry's newest release *Shushan (Hymns of the Earth)* is a compilation of hymns done in her enigmatic, droney style.

Siberry was inspired to do the album after hearing "My Redeemer Liveth" sung at the Downtown Messiah in New York. *Shushan* was originally intended to be a Christmas album, but Siberry thought its ambience would be enjoyable year round. Although the album is decidedly classical, Siberry insists she is still a pop musician.

"I tried to arrange it the way that pleased me. To me, really great pop music is feel-good music. It feels good physically," said Siberry. "There was an awareness that the people listening to this would be more from the pop world."

Currently on tour with *Shushan,* Siberry says that the live concert is very choral and features local string players from each city they visit.

"I don't normally tour with so many people. It's a rare large ensemble so I hope people come out to enjoy it."

Siberry enjoys the role of artistic multi-tasker. Her next plan is to put out an album of original music sometime next year, provided business at her label is in order.

"If your life is a wonderful harvest, you're curious about things and open, you'll always be fine," she said.

Jane Siberry brings Shushan *to the Alix Goolden Hall on Nov. 27.*

Provided photo

Jane Siberry goes from '80s to 1800s

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De-bugging the myth that bugs aren't tasty

by Steven Masuch

This Saturday, come sample some meat you'd never thought you'd eat: bugs.

At the Royal British Columbia Museum, biologist and chef David George Gordon will serve up some of his own special gourmet dishes: crickets and pasta, grasshopper kebabs, scorpion scaloppini and others. In fact all of his recipes feature bugs, usually as the main ingredient, and will be showcased at his presentation on November 29th, "Incredible Edible Insects."

Gordon has been cooking insects for over seven years now.

"Working on another book, *The Compleat Cockroach*, I found some old recipes from the 1800s about cooking cockroaches," said Gordon. Intrigued, he tried the recipes himself. Since then, he's collected several more recipes from various cultures, experimented with some of his own insect meals, and has even written a book: *The Eat-a-Bug Cookbook*. It's a cookbook that features "33 ways to cook grasshoppers, ants, water bugs, spiders, centipedes and their kin."

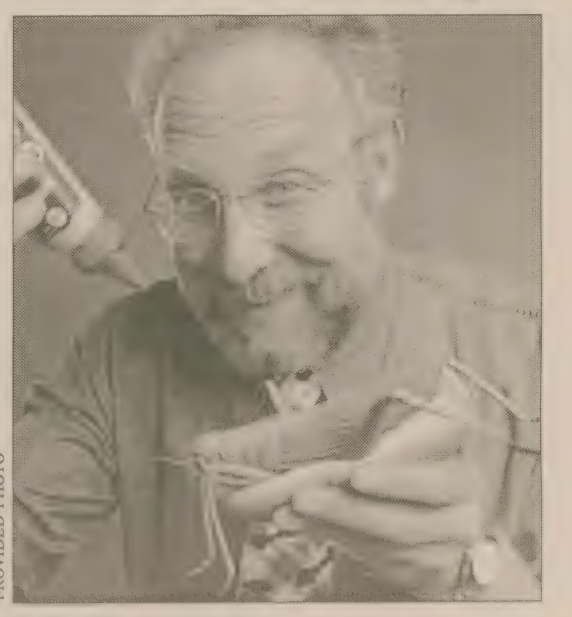
The bug chef doesn't just cook insects. He also studies them. *The Compleat Cockroach* is a biography of the insect everyone loves to hate, and he's written *Field Guide to the Slug*, a guide on what slugs do and how to remove them from your garden. He also has a website, www.davidgeorgegordon.com, where you can read some of his other work, grab a free bug recipe or order any of his books.

The show at the Royal British Columbia Museum is planned in conjunction with the Giant Robot Insects exhibit, on display from Nov. 14 to March 21. Like the name says, the show features gigantic "animatronic" insects and is meant to educate people about the large role bugs play in the environment.

At his shows, Gordon gets a variety of reactions. "There are some people who are very closed-minded and just come to my program to watch," he says. There are also people who dig right into his meals: "At one point during [a] cooking demo, a soused observer strode up and helped himself to one of the grasshoppers, popping the uncooked morsel into his mouth."

With Christmas coming up, bug recipes are even a good present idea. "It's great gift," says Gordon, "because you never have to worry about somebody saying 'Oh no, it's another bug cookbook.'"

"Incredible Edible Insects" will be presented at 10:30, 1:30, and 3:00 p.m. on Nov. 29 at the Royal British Columbia Museum.



PROVIDED PHOTO

David George Gordon loves edible bugs: yum!

Massey lecture features King, 'urban Indian'

by Jennifer McFee

Celebrated author and scholar Thomas King entertained over 500 people in the University Centre Auditorium last week as part of the 2003 Massey Lectures. King evoked laughter, applause and a standing ovation from his lecture "Let Me Entertain You," which was the third of five installments of "The Truth about Stories: A Native Narrative."

King is the first Massey lecturer of First Nations descent. The series was established in 1961 to provide a yearly radio forum on contemporary issues. Past speakers include Northrop Frye, Martin Luther King, Claude Levi-Strauss and Noam Chomsky. King gave five lectures for the 2003 series on the topic of First Nations culture and history in Montreal, St. John's, Victoria, Calgary and Toronto.

In the Victoria segment, King wove together diverse historical portrayals of First Nations people.

He spoke about the appropriation and misinterpretation of First Nations culture as entertainment.

"Somewhere along the way, we ceased being people and somehow became performers in an aboriginal minstrel show for white North America," he said. "Entertainment. Probably not as much fun as being tossed around, say, on a mechanical bull or watching a good hockey fight on Friday night, but several steps up from bowling."

King explained that after centuries of trying to eradicate First Nations culture, Europeans suddenly developed a fascination for the "national Indian" in the late eighteenth century. "Europeans went looking to find a particular Indian, an Indian who could be a cultural treasure, a piece of North American antiquity. A mythic figure who could reflect the strength and freedom of an emerging continent. A single Indian who could stand in for a whole."

When this mythical character could not be found, King said North Americans began to make one up. "In fact, without knowing it, they had been working on this very project almost from the first contact," he said. "Let's just say that a pattern began to emerge that would create a singular semi-historic Indian who was a friend to the white man, who was strong, brave, honest and noble. A figure who kept his clothes on and spoke reasonable English."

According to King, it is too simplistic to try to contain First Nations in these constructed categories. "I'm the urban Indian," he said. "Not an Indian at all, really.

My sins include insisting on flying business class, playing golf with Graham Greene, owning a big house in Guelph, having three cats and vacationing in Costa Rica. And then there's my floral golf shirt."

King concluded his lecture by reconsidering the role of the entertainer. "Maybe being entertainment isn't so bad. Maybe it's what you're left with when the only defense you have is a good story. Maybe entertainment is the story of survival."

Matrixologists rejoice, others beware

by Daniel Saunders

Wonder of wonders, frabjous day, this *Matrix* stuff actually makes sense. The saga is over, and in *The Matrix Revolutions* it has an ending that is both revelatory and open-ended. What's more, it seems to have been planned for all along–the clues to unlock it are planted in speeches and throwaway lines in all three films.

Well, maybe "makes sense" is too strong. It sure doesn't answer everything. And whether the answers will have any meaning to those not already deeply committed to Matrixology is another question.

You didn't have to be obsessed to enjoy the first *Matrix*. Besides being a nifty epistemological thriller, referencing the agnostic gospels and brain-in-a-vat thought experiments, it was also a wish-fulfilling superhero action film. It had slick cyberpunk style and ground-breaking special effects, not to mention a mindfuck for those of us who went in not knowing the movie's big twist.

Grhama Stark graphic

But *The Matrix Reloaded* was dismayingly long, awkward and pretentious. These days that much-ripped-off style looks very 1999. What's more, *Reloaded* undercut much of what made the first film so satisfying, as it hinted that Neo, far from being a threat to the machines, may be just a cog in the mechanism of our enslavement.

Now that the picture is complete, the *Matrix* trilogy has the hugeness of a creation myth, like the story of Prometheus, or how the Raven freed the First Men from the clamshell. It's about the power of prophecy to influence events, and the true meaning of choice. The awe comes not from the special effects or punch-ups, which you can see in the trailers, but from the revealed picture.

Humans are both the pawns and the prize in a struggle between two powerful computer programs, in effect deities.

One represents the anal-retentive forces of order and control (the Architect), and the other is on the side of disorder and chaos (the Oracle), a kind of trickster god, who naturally has a soft spot for us.

When the films have this baroque cybermythology to illuminate, the failings on the level of mere filmmaking don't seem so important. You can overlook the boringness of Zion and its inhabitants, who all look like Sears catalogue models and seem to be named after Autobots. Or even the dialogue that sounds like years of comic books and action movies put in a blender, until some of it is apparent gibberish (Niobe about to try a difficult maneuver: "Hang on to your lunch rolls!" Lunch rolls?)

A more serious objection is that humanity's standard-bearers, Trinity and Neo, should be a little more human. They are so steely and controlled at all times that they might as well be robots. Although Neo and Trinity look good together, their relationship has always seemed more like a cult leader and his number-one wife than something that should stand for all of human love and tenderness.

Fortunately, there are many more stories to be told about the Matrix now that the Wachowski brothers have built the initial structure. And relative to spin-offs coming from other imaginations, like the fascinating short films on the Animatrix DVD, the tales of our trench-coated and ray-banned saviours might turn out to be the least of them.

Win tickets to see Stuart McLean's *Vinyl Café Christmas* and a Vinyl Café t-shirt

Stuart McLean, host of CBC's Vinyl Café, moonlights as:

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c. A tenured Ryerson Professor

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Banner raised on championship season

BY RICHARD WARNICA

Last year's Vikes women's basketball team gathered in MacKinnon gym on Friday night in slightly different garb than their usual shorts and jerseys. The team was dressed to the nines in skirts and dresses for the raising of the banner celebrating last season's CIS national championship.

The raising, which took place at half-time of the men's basketball game against Trinity Western, was attended by a large crowd including UVic Chancellor Ronald Lou Poy. Lou Poy presented each member of the team with a yellow rose and a commemorative basketball before raising the banner with a group that included the most valuable player from last year's championship, Lindsay Anderson.

Head coach Brian Cheng, who spent the ceremony beaming with pride, talked to *the Martlet* about last year's team.

"Any time a team wins a national championship you have to be a very good team," he said, going on to say that to win a championship "you've got to be good and you've got to be lucky."

The Vikes, who went into last year's tournament ranked sixth, had a fortuitous run to the title, entering the final game injury-free and having dispatched the number-three-ranked Memorial Seahawks and the number -two-ranked Laval Rouge et Or. According to Cheng, the Vikes were lucky to face two teams that weren't familiar with their style.

As for this year's Vikes Cheng is confident they can do well, saying that the goal for the team is the same as it is every year: to compete, play the best they can and to have a say in who raises the championship banner at the end of the year.

According to Cheng the team is led this year by captains and fifth year players, guard Dani Everitt and forward Krystal O'Byrne. Both players featured in last year's title winning season and will be looking to repeat.

Although the team will no doubt miss Anderson, last year's lone all-star, Cheng expects off season recruits Jodi Potts, Leanne Shenton and Pamela Reinke, all poached from Alberta colleges, to pick up some of the slack.

After losing to UBC in the season opener, the Vikes have won five straight and are now ranked first in Canada West, just ahead of UBC and just behind the Winnipeg Wesmen, the team the Vikes beat in last year's championship.

The team is away at the Universities of Regina and Brandon this weekend.

RICHARD WARNICA PHOTO

UVic basketball players Andrea Van Koll, left, and Jania Mynott autograph commemorative basketballs for their teamates following the raising of the banner celebrating last year's national championship.

Todd on Todd

UVic golfer Todd Halpen is the hidden gem of UVic athletics. At least according to Todd Halpen.

LIZ ESTEY PHOTO

UVic Golfer Todd Halpen takes a swing at the grass outside his cluster home

BY LIZ ESTEY AND CHLOE ASH-ANDERSON

Golfer Todd Halpen is the hidden gem of the UVic athletic program and he's not afraid to tell you about it. According to Halpen, he has "put [the UVic Golf program] on the map."

Last year, led by Halpen, the team won the first annual Canadian University Golf Championship. He also placed fourth overall in the primarily American National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics (NAIA) Championship. Head Coach Brian Carberry called that achievement "an unbelievably huge win…for UVic's golf program and for all Canadian Universities."

Halpen is cocky and proud of it, and he backs his talk up on the course. Recently, he talked to *the Martlet* about UVic, his teammates and his future on the PGA Tour.

Todd on UVic and Victoria

"I love it here… I am never leaving."

In his first year, Halpen played for New Mexico State University, but the desire to return home to Canada was too strong. In own his words, New Mexico was a "shithole."

Although several high-profile American universities have tried recruiting Todd, he feels Victoria is now his home.

Currently, Halpen is ranked first in the NAIA. He is also ranked 61st by Golf Stat, which ranks all college and university golfers in North America, something Carberry calls an "extraordinary achievement."

Todd on coaching and his teammates

"[Carberry] really helps me with the mental aspect of the game…but my teammates really keep me in check."

According to Halpen, his "skills are much more advanced" than those of the rest of the team, but he cites teammates Saare Adams, Shelby Dreer and Brian Slugget as inspirations for his game.

Todd on training

Currently in golf's off-season, Halpen stays in shape by weight-training at the Ian Stuart Complex. He also plays over 300 rounds a year to keep his game sharp. In addition to the university training program, Halpen keeps sharp by working for the Royal Canadian Golf Association.

Todd on the PGA Tour

Halpen scoffs at the idea he won't make it pro. "I can hit every shot the [players in the] PGA can…When Mike Weir was my age, he wasn't hitting the shots I can now."

In two years, Halpen plans to go to the PGA's qualifying school in hopes of garnering a card to play on the tour. He estimates that the average age for entering the tour is 33 years old–Halpen plans to make it at 22.

Coach Brian Carberry on Todd

"Todd is the most focused golfer I have seen in a long time… [He has] lots of things to face on the way to the PGA tour, but he's definitely got the ability."

Sports briefs

Women's rugby Vikes come up just short against Capilano

In a nail-biter last Saturday, the UVic Women's rugby team fell to Capilano 13–10. The Vikes, who are nearing the midway point in their Western Canada Women's Rugby Association club season, were led by trys from hooker Stephanie Cox and utility back Jessica Maclean.

The loss, which came on the heels of the Vikes first win of the season last month against Burnaby, dropped the Vikes to 1–5–1 on the season.

The team, which stands in seventh place in the league, take on the eighth place James Bay Athletic Association this Saturday at 11:30 at Wallace field.

The game will be followed by a men's game against the same team.

Perfect weekend for Vikes basketball

The reigning national champion Vikes women's team welcomed back members of last year's team to MacKinnon gym last Friday.

The former Vikes were in town for the raising of the championship banner and got treated to a spectacular display of basketball in the process.

The Vikes lambasted the Trinity Western Spartans 67–42 in front of a packed audience.

The team was led by fifth-year guard and captain Dani Everitt's 19 points, 4 assists, 3 rebounds and three steals.

The team's other captain, fifth year forward Krystal O'Byrne, led the Vikes to another victory the next night.

Her 15 points, 8 rebounds and 3 assists paced the Vikes to a 59–46 victory over a resurgent Spartans team.

The men's team matched the women victory for victory by hammering the Spartans twice over the weekend. On Friday the Vikes embarrassed the Spartans 68–43 in a game that wasn't even as close as the score line suggested. The team was led by guard Chris Marsh, who dropped 16 points.

Trinity Western came back with a much improved performance on Saturday, at one point leading the Vikes 51–50 before trailing off and falling 84–73. The Spartans' Adam Friesen led all scorers with 26 points. Chris Trumpy led the Vikes with 19 points.

With the wins, the Vikes improved their record to 5–1 and remain unranked in the national poll.

Both teams are away this week at Brandon and Regina

Cross country runs to the jungle, and by jungle, I mean Toronto

The Vikes cross country teams are in Toronto this weekend running in the Canadian Cross Country Championships.

– Richard Warnica

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Burly Iranian rocks Vancouver

Hossein Reza Zadeh has an island unto himself after World Weight Lifting Championships

by Patrick White

The Vancouver Convention Centre would have been a great place to look for furniture movers last weekend.

The venue was hosting the World Weightlifting Championships and its halls were flooded with stout Eastern Europeans genetically predisposed to carrying a couple of La-Z-Boys–or a seven-foot bar of vanadium steel stacked on either end with a few hundred pounds of weights.

The grand finale of the event, the men's 231 lb.-plus division, was packed with boisterous Iranians waving flags and chanting "Iran, Iran" over top of the loud techno music blaring from convention centre speakers.

The Iranians were there to see fellow countryman Hossein Reza Zadeh, the world record holder in the event.

Reza Zadeh, a 345-pound giant, is a national hero in Iran where weightlifting is the country's most popular sport. He was promised a car, a house and an island if he won the competition. But he would have to beat out competitors from Ukraine, Bulgaria, the U.S., Latvia, Armenia, Poland, Qatar, Germany and Russia to do so.

When Reza Zadeh took to the platform for the snatch event, the Iranians in the crowd went nuts. When he took his stance on the lifting platform, stared into the back of the convention centre and let out a small grunt, the crowd fell absolutely silent.

The only audible sound was Reza Zadeh's coach yelling encouragement and the incessant slapping of another competitor's bulky muscles by a physiotherapist backstage. Candidates at the NDP convention across the street would have done well to take lessons in stage presence from the Iranian giant.

Patrick White photo

Hossein Reza Zedah, centre, flaunts his gold medal in the 231-pound-plus division of the World Weight Lifting Championships in Vancouver last weekend. Reza Zedah, the world record holder in the division, was promised a car, a house and his own island in return for victory.

With the awestruck crowd looking on, Reza Zadeh bent down over the bar, took a wide grip, stared once again to the back of the convention centre and launched the 440 lb. over his head and extended his knees–no problem. When he dropped the bar back down to the platform the entire convention centre shook.

So loud was the noise that three Toronto Maple Leafs, Mats Sundin, Gary Roberts and Darcy Tucker, who were sleeping upstairs in the Pan Pacific Hotel, came down to see what the commotion was. Deciding that trying to shut up 350 lb. weightlifters probably wasn't a good idea, they quickly headed back upstairs.

After finishing third in the snatch, Reza Zadeh's island seemed in jeopardy. But when chief rival Jaber S. Salem of Qatar pulled out with an injury, all bets were on the big Iranian. In the clean and jerk, where competitors first hoist the bar up to rest on their collar bones before spreading their legs front and back and lifting the bar over their heads, Reza Zadeh showed his dominance by lifting 550 lb. No other competitor would break that barrier. Reza Zadeh later failed in a bid to better his own world record lift of 578.6 lb., but it didn't matter. He was the new world's strongest man.

After the event, one competitor expressed awe at Reza Zadeh. "I had a pretty bad day, but he's pretty amazing," said Shane Hammon, an American who placed ninth in the event.

Hammon was the shortest man in the competition at 5'8", but was also the thickest at 347.58 lb.

The competition ended with Reza Zadeh receiving his gold medal. Presumably the enormous lifter is by now basking on his new island.

The weightlifting championship was one of a number of major sporting events coming to Vancouver over the next few years, scheduled to culminate in 2010 with the Winter Olympics.

I wonder if this would be easier if my skis were on?

Steve Canning photo

Photographer and wolf-chasing connoisseur Steve Canning captures the silhouette of a fellow skiier on an excursion last year. Watch for a feature on Canning in an upcoming *Martlet*.

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ON CAMPUS

Child's Play? Images of the Family, an art show featuring artwork by children from South Park Elementary School and students from the University of Victoria, will hold its open reception at the Visual Arts department at UVic on Monday, Dec. 1 at noon. Regular viewing times will be held Dec. 1 – 6 from 9 a.m. – 4 p.m.

WE'RE HAVING A CEILIDH
When: Saturday, November 29, 2003 – 7 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. **Where:** The Michèle Pujol Room in the UVic SUB. **What:** Scottish country dancing, live music, food, entertainment. **Cost:** $2 (bring your student card) or $4 regular. Need more information? Contact Mistress of Balarney. mistress_of_balarney@yahoo.ca or phone (250) 472-3533

LOX, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS
CHAI VICTORIA, Jewish Students Association is hosting a FREE bagel lunch in room B025 in the S.U.B. from 12:30 p.m. – 2 p.m. on Wednesday 3rd of December.

OFF CAMPUS

CAPTURE THE FLAG now the first Saturday night of every month! Meet @ 2 a.m. @ Market Square gates.
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BLUEGRASS JAM, Tuesdays at the Orange Hall, 1620 Fernwood, 7:30 p.m. Players of all levels welcome. Players $2, listeners free. Contact: Larry Lawrence Statland 472-6483.

CHAI VICTORIA, Jewish Students Association presents *Desert Nights*, our annual Chanukkah party. **Where:** The Jewish Community Centre 3636 Shelbourne St. (at Cedar Hill X Rd. across from the Fairways Market). **When:** Saturday December 6. Doors open at 8 p.m. **TIX:** $5 in advance, $7 at the door. Tickets will be sold Monday December 1, 11:30 a.m.–2:30 p.m., Friday December 5, 11:30 a.m.–2:30 p.m., Email: rbrandt@uvic.ca.
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

The five-year term of the University of Victoria President, Dr. David H. Turpin, ends on August 31, 2005. He is eligible for reappointment. Written comments may be submitted to the Committee through Sheila Sheldon Collyer, University Secretary by fax at (250) 721-6223 or e-mail to sscunsec@uvic.ca by December 3, 2003 or to the Committee members.

Activist Video Night remembers the 1999 Seattle anti-W.T.O. demos with the showing of "Breaking the Spell." It's an hour of street demos, anarchist thought, revolution, trashed Starbucks and Nike stores, media lies and police attacks, all done to a great soundtrack. If you were there come and share your stories after the film. 7:00 p.m., Tuesday Dec 2, Camosun College (Lansdowne) Fisher Building theatre room 100. FREE. Info – 595-3991.

Centre for Studies in Religion and Society
Graduate Student Fellowship Opportunities
The Ian H. Stewart Graduate Student Fellowship and the Vandekerkhove Family Trust Graduate Student Fellowships. To apply for either fellowship applications should be submitted to the Centre for Studies in Religion and Society by February 1, 2004. For details please visit web.uvic.ca/csrs/ or call 721-6695.

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HEY YOU!

Hey you: The Druid with the yellow backpack! Get a new jacket already!!

Thank you to the kind soul that found my notebook in the Bookstore and returned it to the physics office – angels, jellybeans & sunshine are heading your way.

Hey, you! Saturday morning cartoons are no longer worth watching. Things have indeed gone wrong.

For the Chomsky artisan: god, you're beautiful. As Neruda said, I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees.

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MADE RAD BY GRAHAM (DEVO) STARK AND MEGAN (FLASHDANCE) STEWART

Today's Question:
What '80s throwback fashion trend are you *least* happy to see making a comeback?

Niki Oerheu
Generology

NO: Fluorescent colours.
MS: Any particular shade?
NO: Pink. Highlighter pink.

Stephanie Sketchley
Sciences

Lana Olague
Mechanical Engineering

LO: I could say the mullet, but I kinda like it because it's entertaining. I actually kinda like '80s fashion, it's fun to look at.
GS: Would you wear it yourself?
LO: Yeah.
MS: But would you wear it for real, or to mock an entire decade?
(Everyone laughs. No answer given)

Ben Rewluk
Creative Writing

Brandon Cauthon
Drama

BR: Tapered pants… hairspray… the mullet…
BC: Some of the eyeshadow they're using now…

Mark Weston
Computer Sci

MW: What '80s fashion do I like the least? All fashion is cool. I think people can dress how they like and if they they want to be sheep and dress like everybody else it's up to them.

Leah Gidney

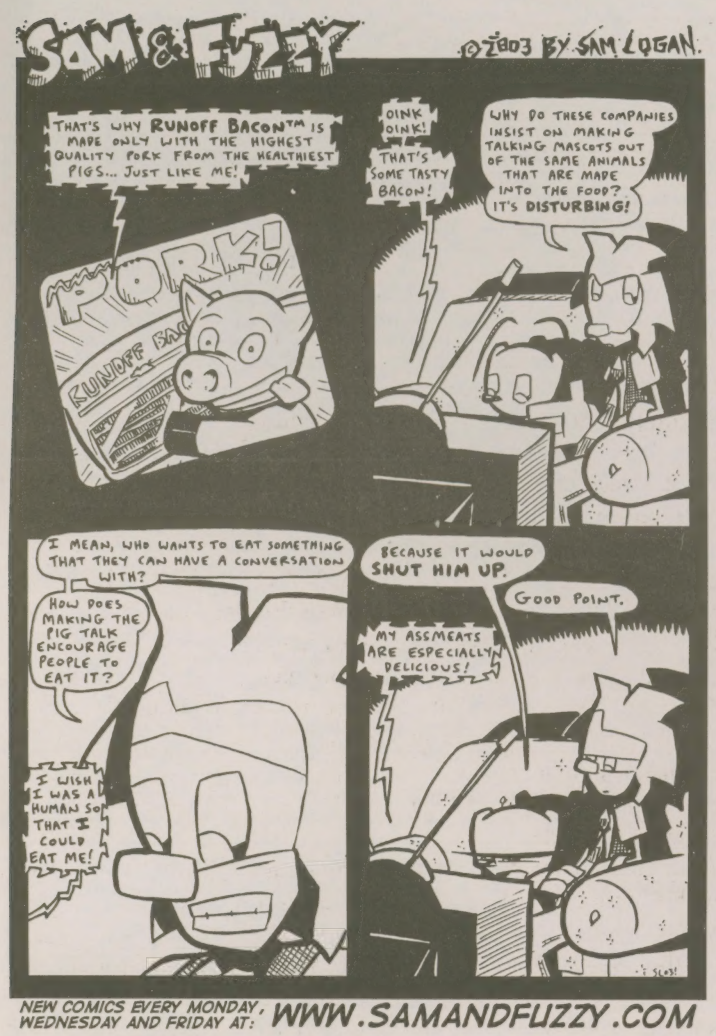
LG: Mesh hats… the hairdos… actually I like '80s fashion. In fact, I want to see fanny packs coming back.
MS: Is there nothing from the 80s that bugs you?
LG: Neon's a little sketchy.

Scott Payne
UVSS Director of Services

SP: The flock of seagulls haircut… that one should have stayed dead.

The Martlet *supports '80s fashion, but only in small doses and not without adult supervision and the aid of a professional.* The Martlet *takes no responsibility for '80s-related injuries incurred by irresponsible use of these fashions.*

SAM & FUZZY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PORK!
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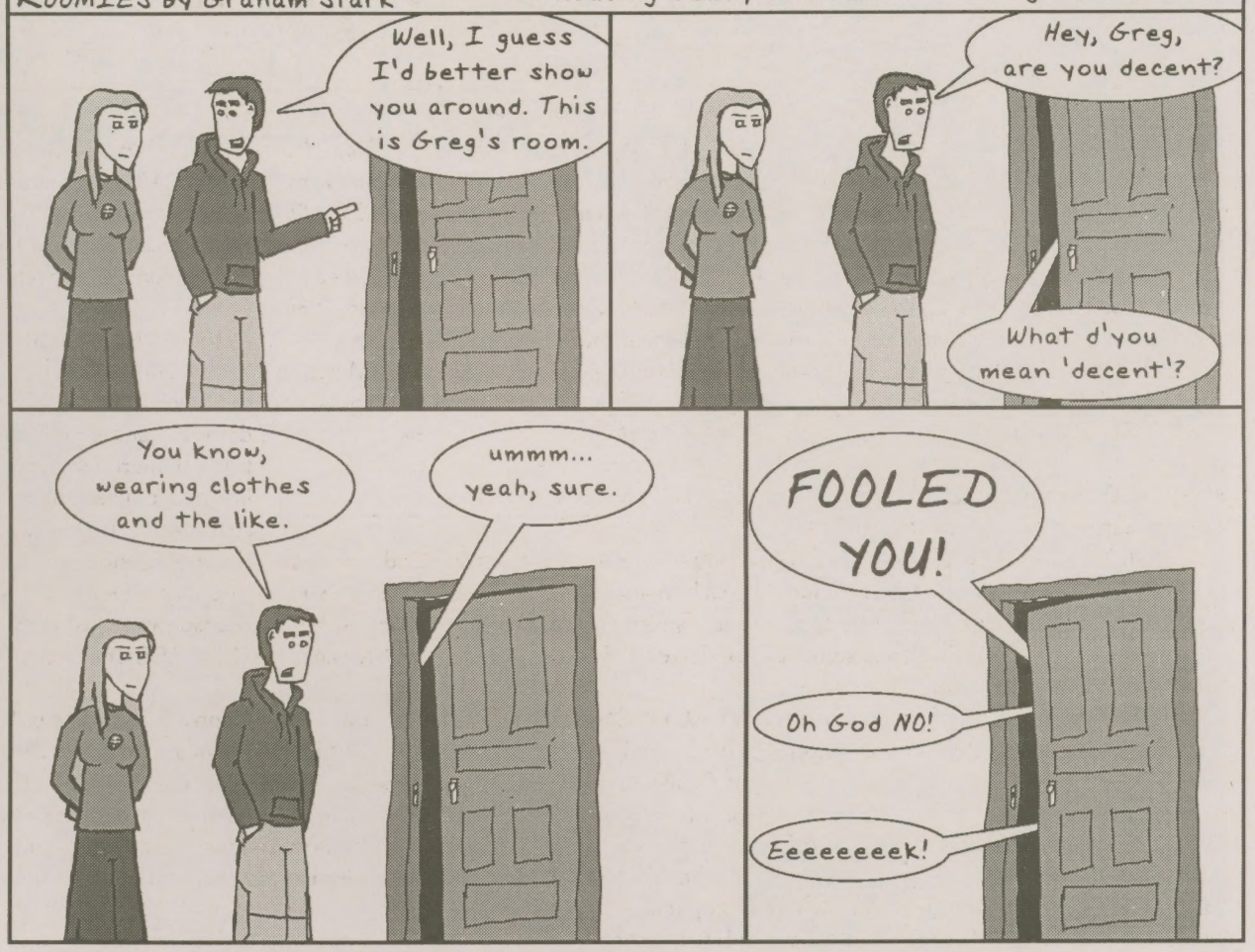
OINK OINK!
THAT'S SOME TASTY BACON!
WHY DO THESE COMPANIES INSIST ON MAKING TALKING MASCOTS OUT OF THE SAME ANIMALS THAT ARE MADE INTO THE FOOD? IT'S DISTURBING!
I MEAN, WHO WANTS TO EAT SOMETHING THAT THEY CAN HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH?
HOW DOES MAKING THE PIG TALK ENCOURAGE PEOPLE TO EAT IT?
I WISH I WAS A HUMAN SO THAT I COULD EAT ME!
BECAUSE IT WOULD SHUT HIM UP.
GOOD POINT.
MY ASSMEATS ARE ESPECIALLY DELICIOUS!

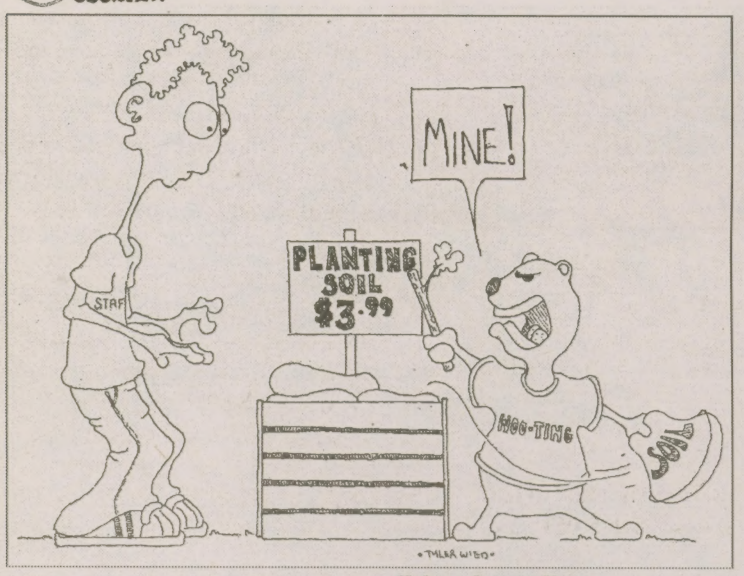
NEW COMICS EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT: WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM

ROOMIES by Graham Stark

www.loading-ready-run.com gstark@uvic.ca


Well, I guess I'd better show you around. This is Greg's room.
Hey, Greg, are you decent?
What d'you mean 'decent'?
You know, wearing clothes and the like.
ummm... yeah, sure.
FOOLED YOU!
Oh God NO!
Eeeeeeeek!

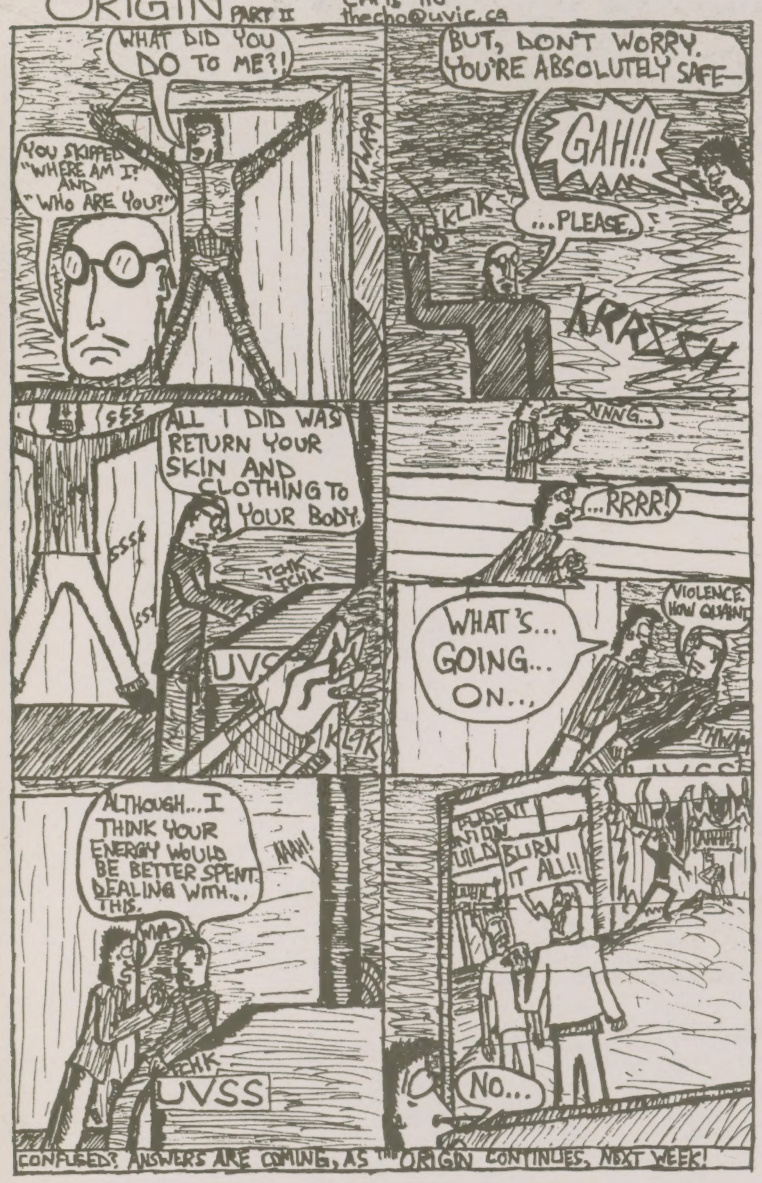
obe.ink.



Urban Groundhog

THE ORIGIN PART II

by Chris Ho thecho@uvic.ca

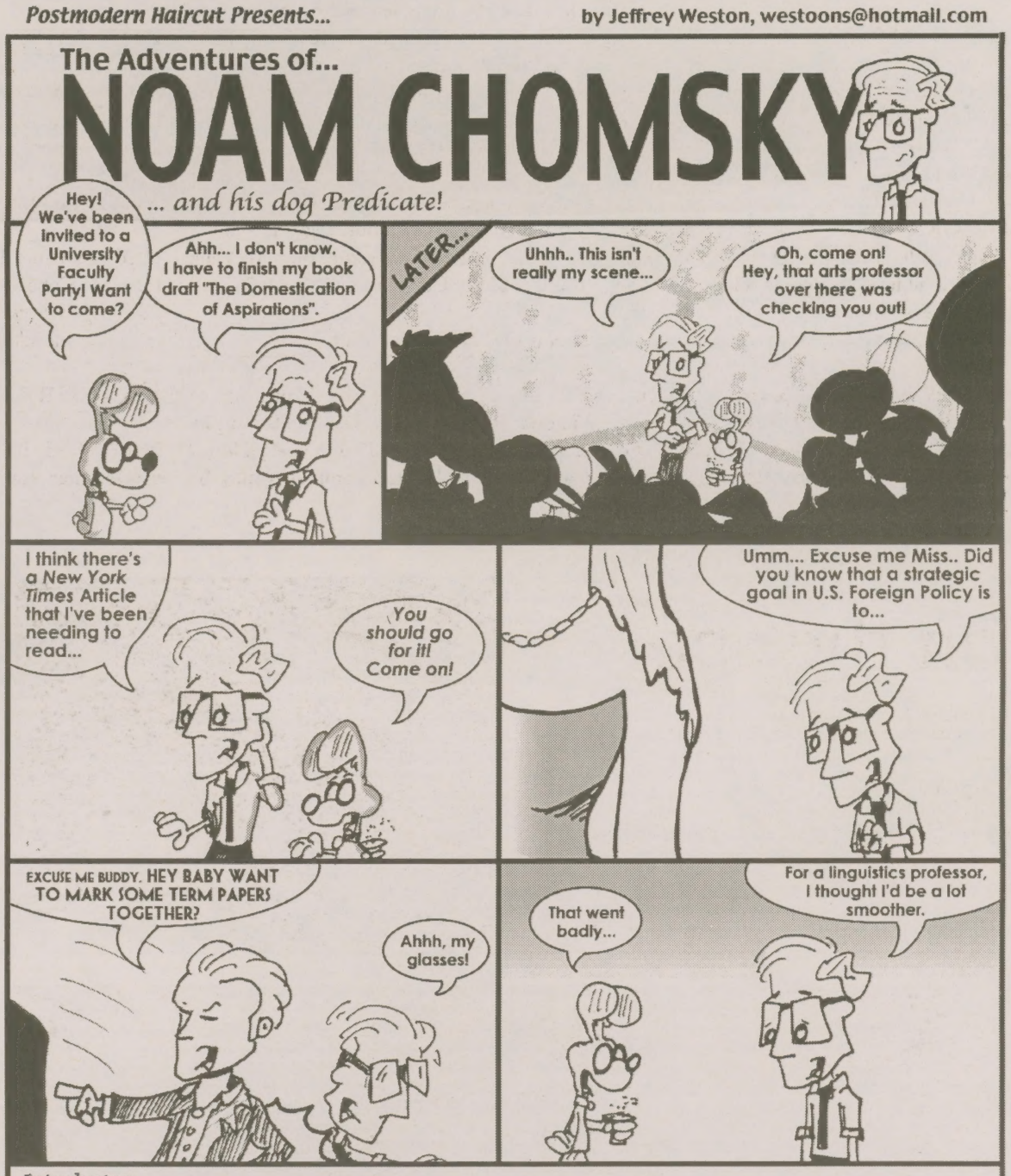


Postmodern Haircut Presents...

by Jeffrey Weston, westoons@hotmail.com

The Adventures of... NOAM CHOMSKY

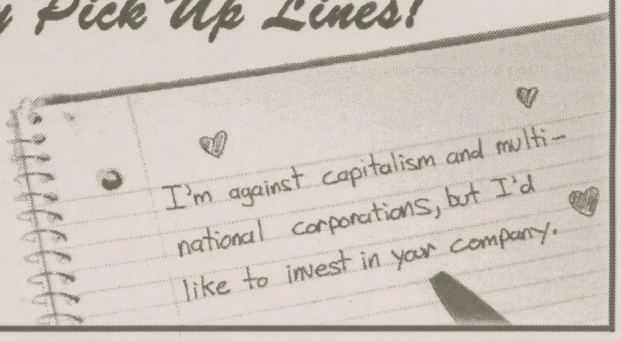
... and his dog Predicate!

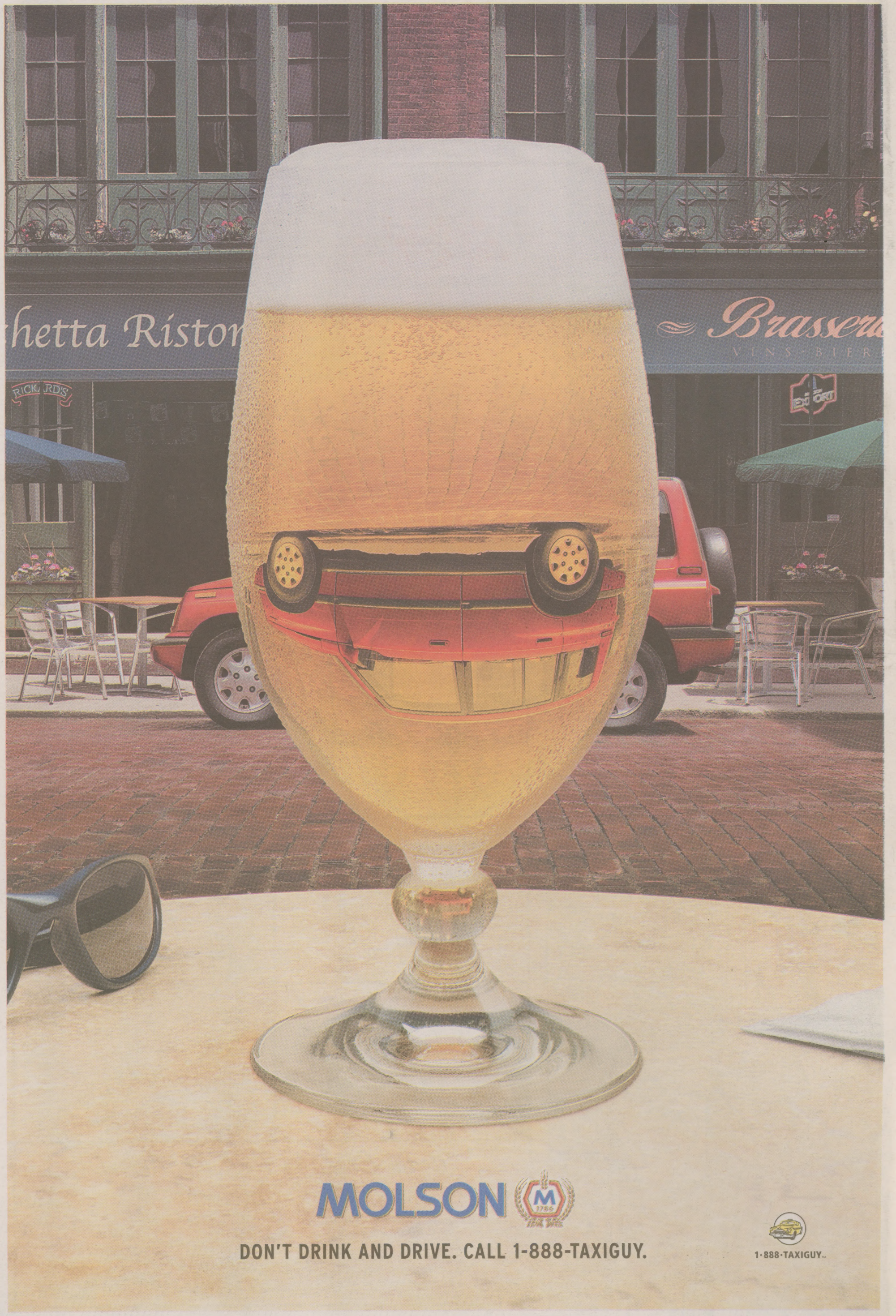

Hey! We've been invited to a University Faculty Party! Want to come?
Ahh... I don't know. I have to finish my book draft "The Domestication of Aspirations".
LATER...
Uhhh.. This isn't really my scene...
Oh, come on! Hey, that arts professor over there was checking you out!
I think there's a New York Times Article that I've been needing to read...
You should go for it! Come on!
Umm... Excuse me Miss.. Did you know that a strategic goal in U.S. Foreign Policy is to...
EXCUSE ME BUDDY. HEY BABY WANT TO MARK SOME TERM PAPERS TOGETHER?
Ahhh, my glasses!
That went badly...
For a linguistics professor, I thought I'd be a lot smoother.

Introducing...

Noam Chomsky Pick Up Lines!

Going for the intellectual activist crowd? Next time you're at a protest march, try *Noam Chomsk Pick Up Lines!* Smooth talk you way into their leftist heart with this:
"The only way to topple the Power System in our society is with the power of love! Can you help?"
or try the more militant approach:
"Want to go Manufacture some Consent?"
Noam Chomsk Pick Up Lines.
so you don't have to be in the revolution alone.

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